

SEPT.
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DIZZY DAMES

**DOG
SHOW**

YOU MEAN
THIS *ISN'T* WHERE
THEY PICK *MISS*
AMERICA?



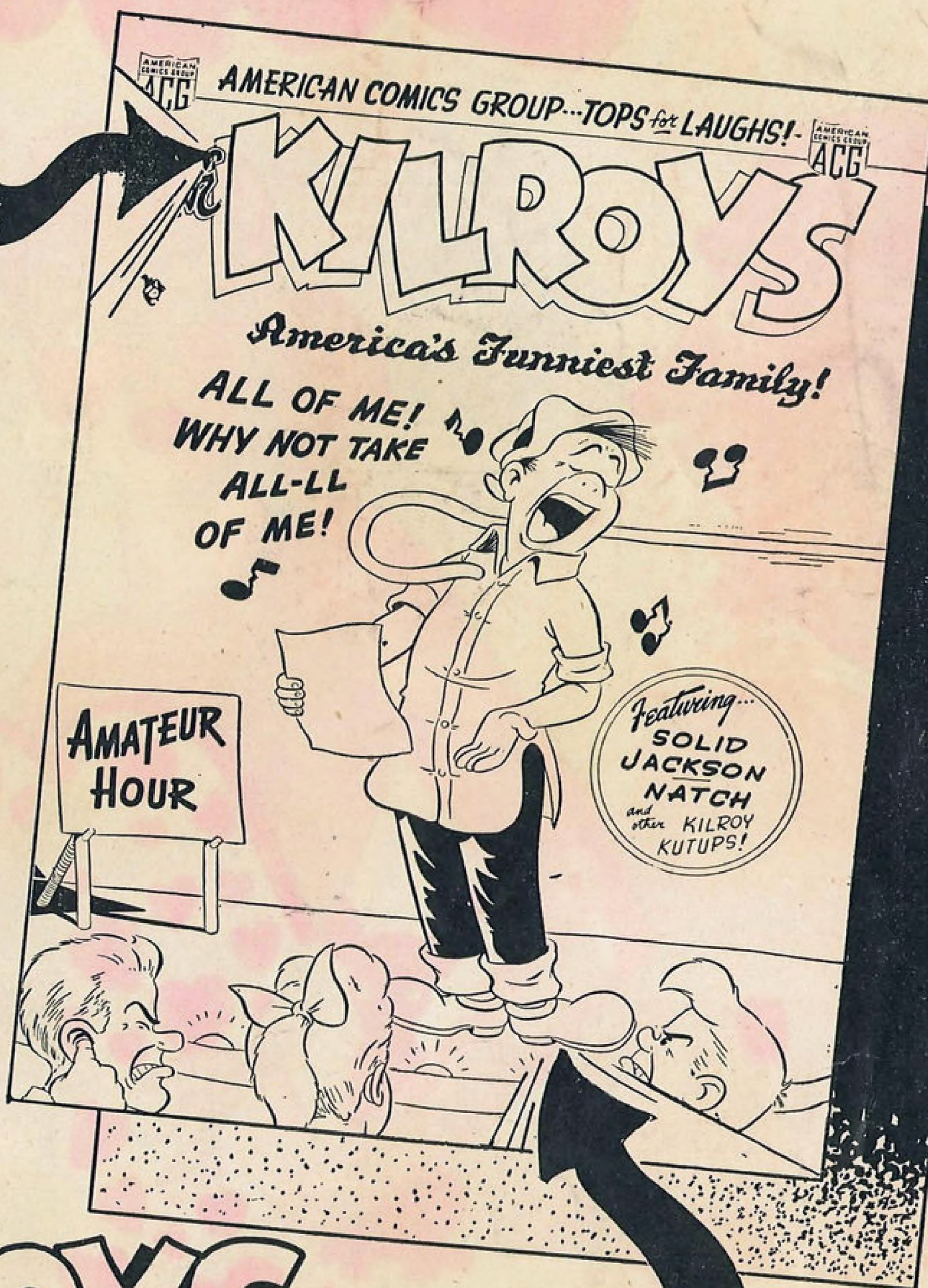
KILROY @ HERE!

IN A SENSATIONAL SMASH
COMICS MAGAZINE THAT'S
TURNED THE TOWN TOPSY-
TURVY!

The KILROYS

HOT OFF THE PRESS AND
A BOMBSHELL OF BELLY-
LAFFS... SO BUY YOUR
COPY NOW! LATCH ON TO
"NATCH", THE TERRIFIC TEEN-
AGER! MEET JUDY, HIS LITTLE
LOVIN' OVEN... JACKSON, THE
DOWNBEAT ATOM BOMB... AND
MOM AND POP KILROY, IN
PERSON!

THEY'RE ALL ON HAND FOR
GIGGLES! SO IF YOU WANT
TO SAY **KILROY WAS
HERE**, AND MEAN IT,



Read The KILROYS

America's Funniest Family!

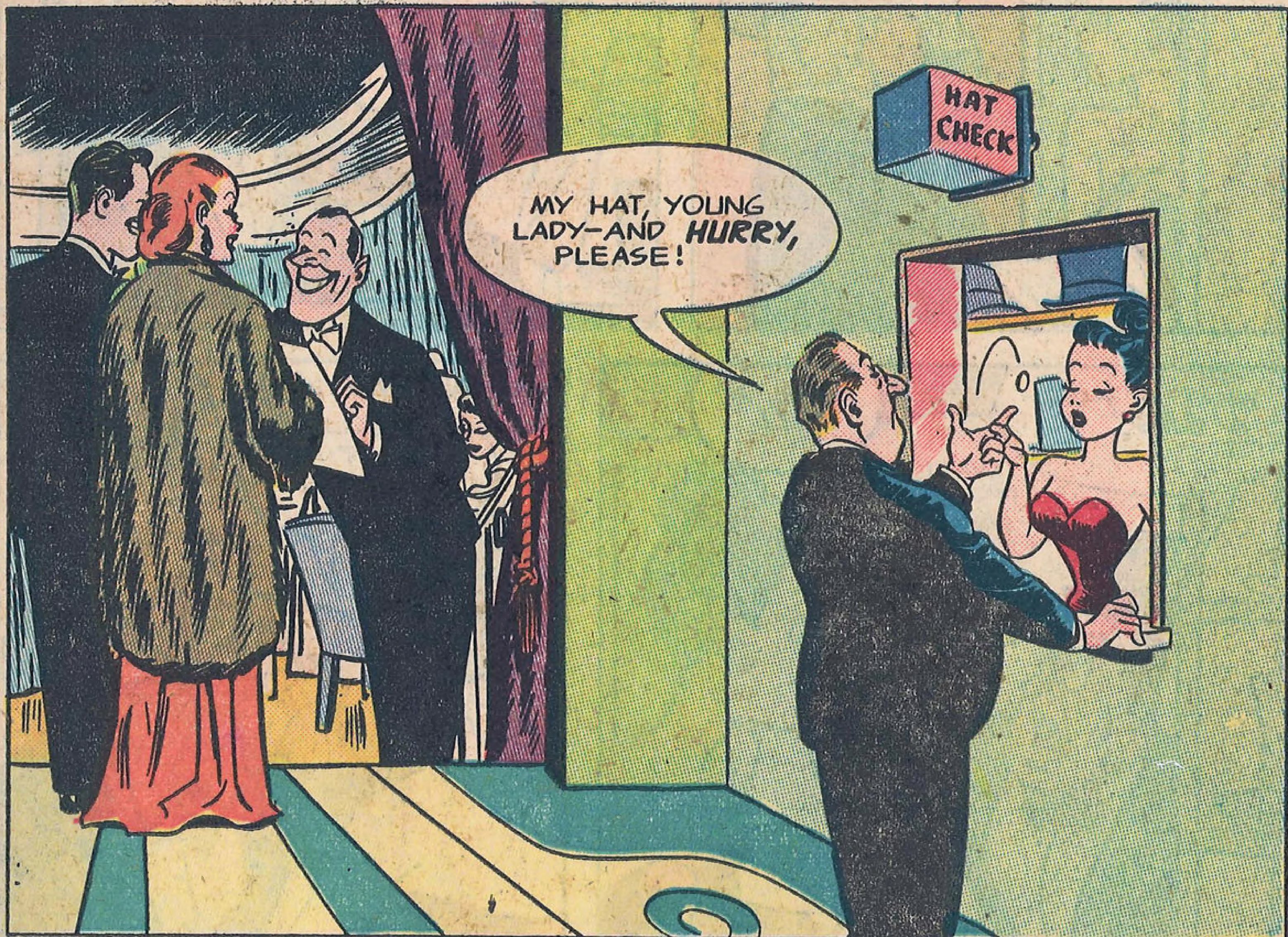


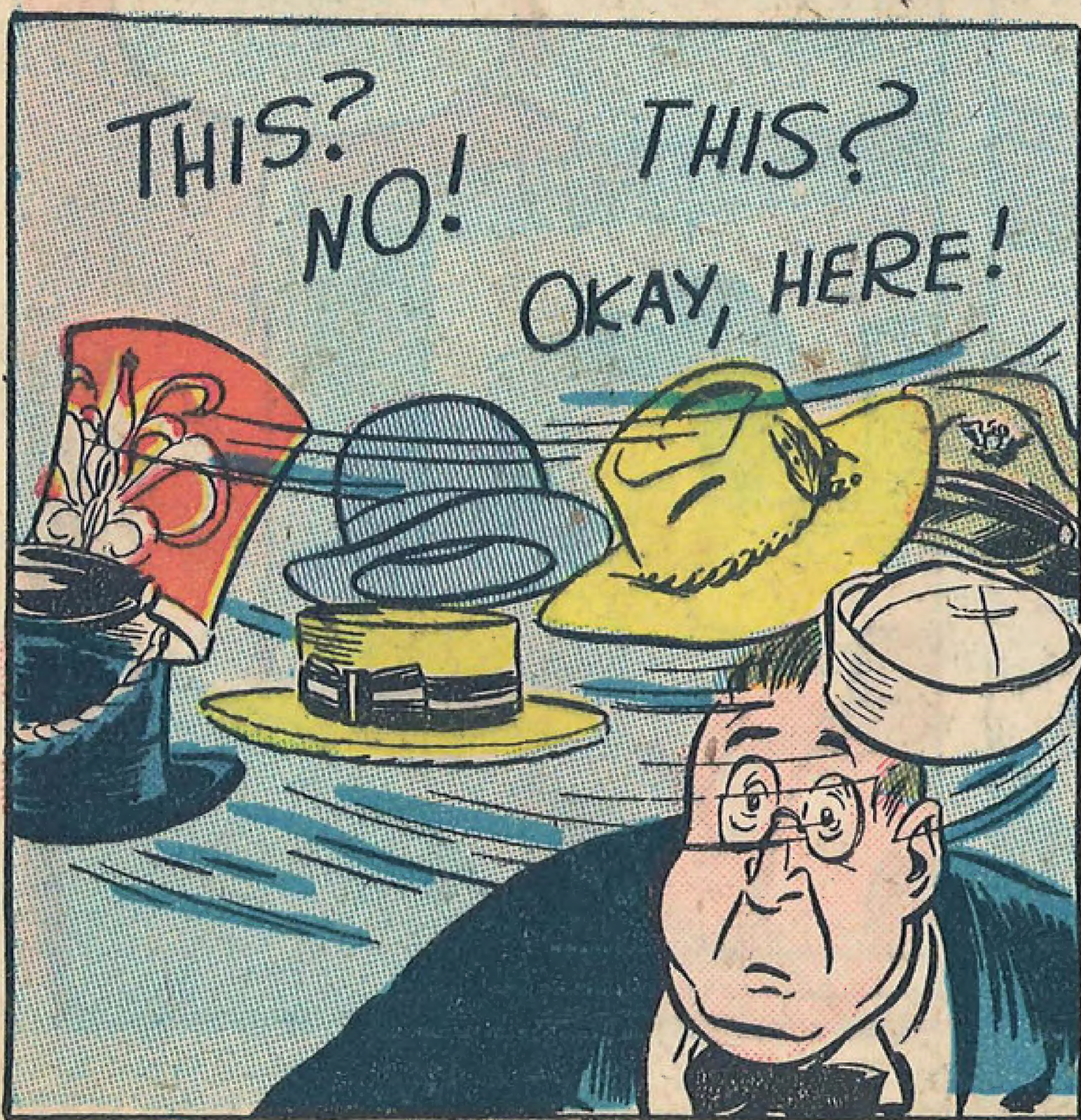
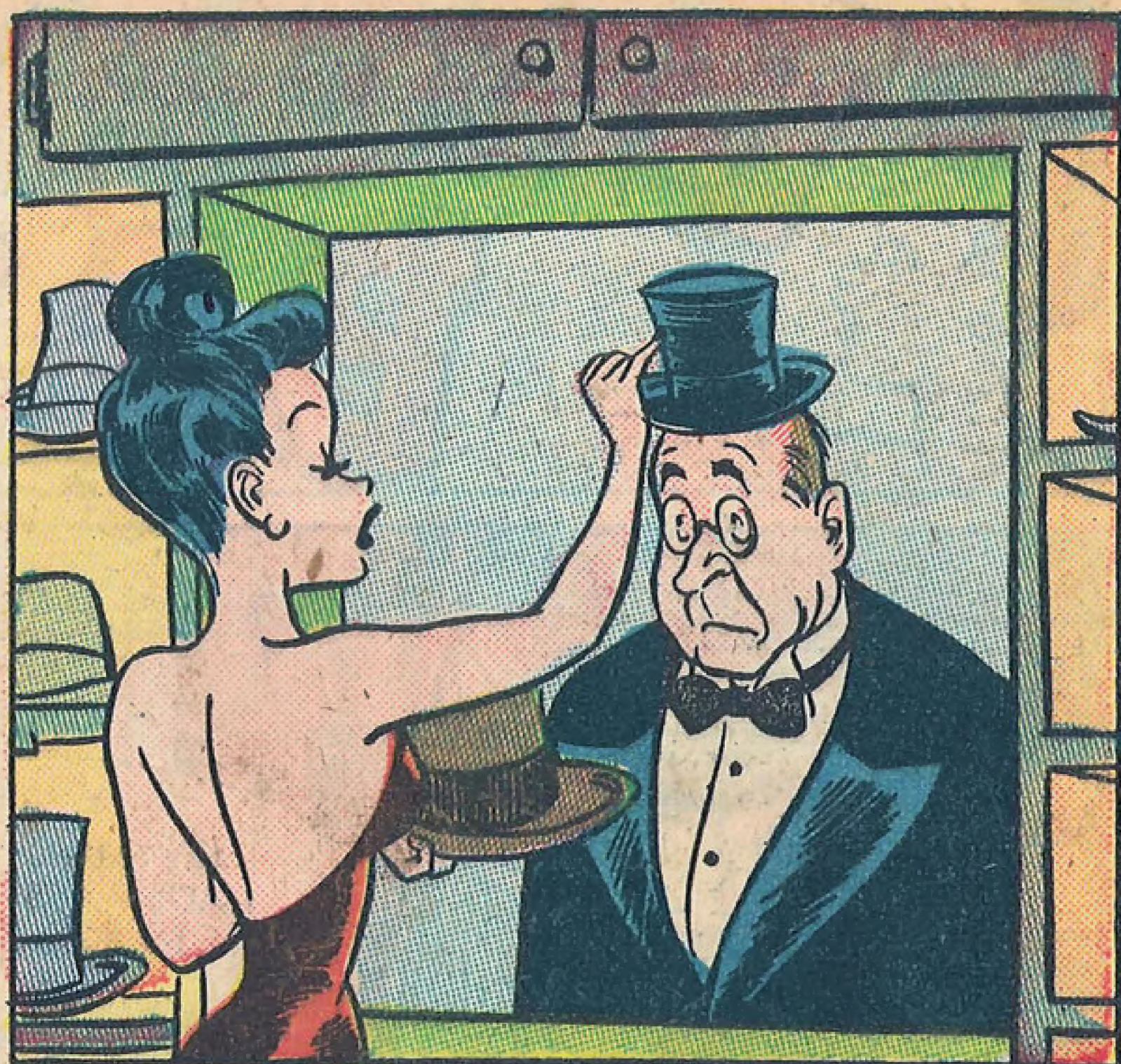
ON ALL
STANDS

and

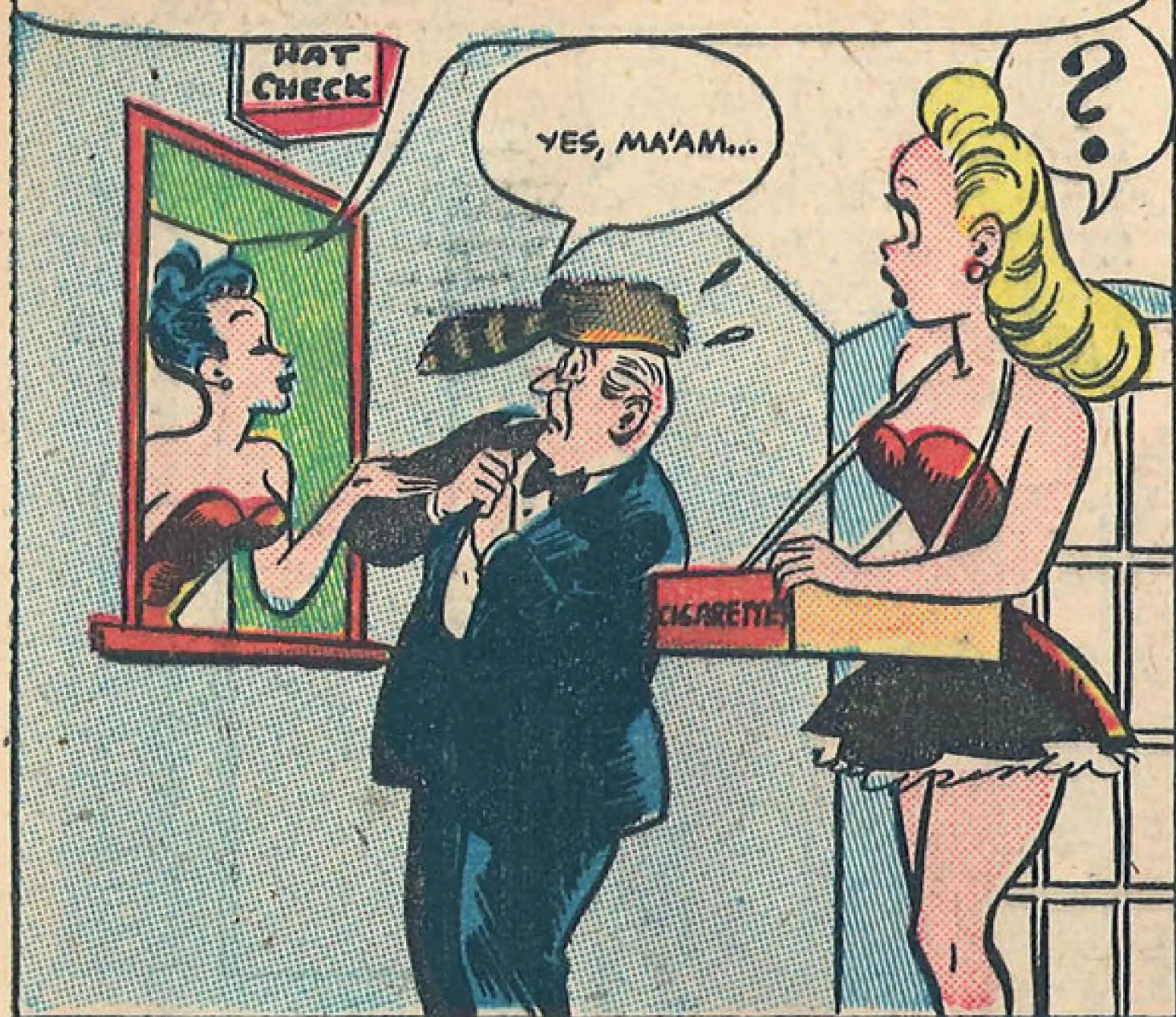
YOU'D BETTER
HURRY!

BROADWAY BABES



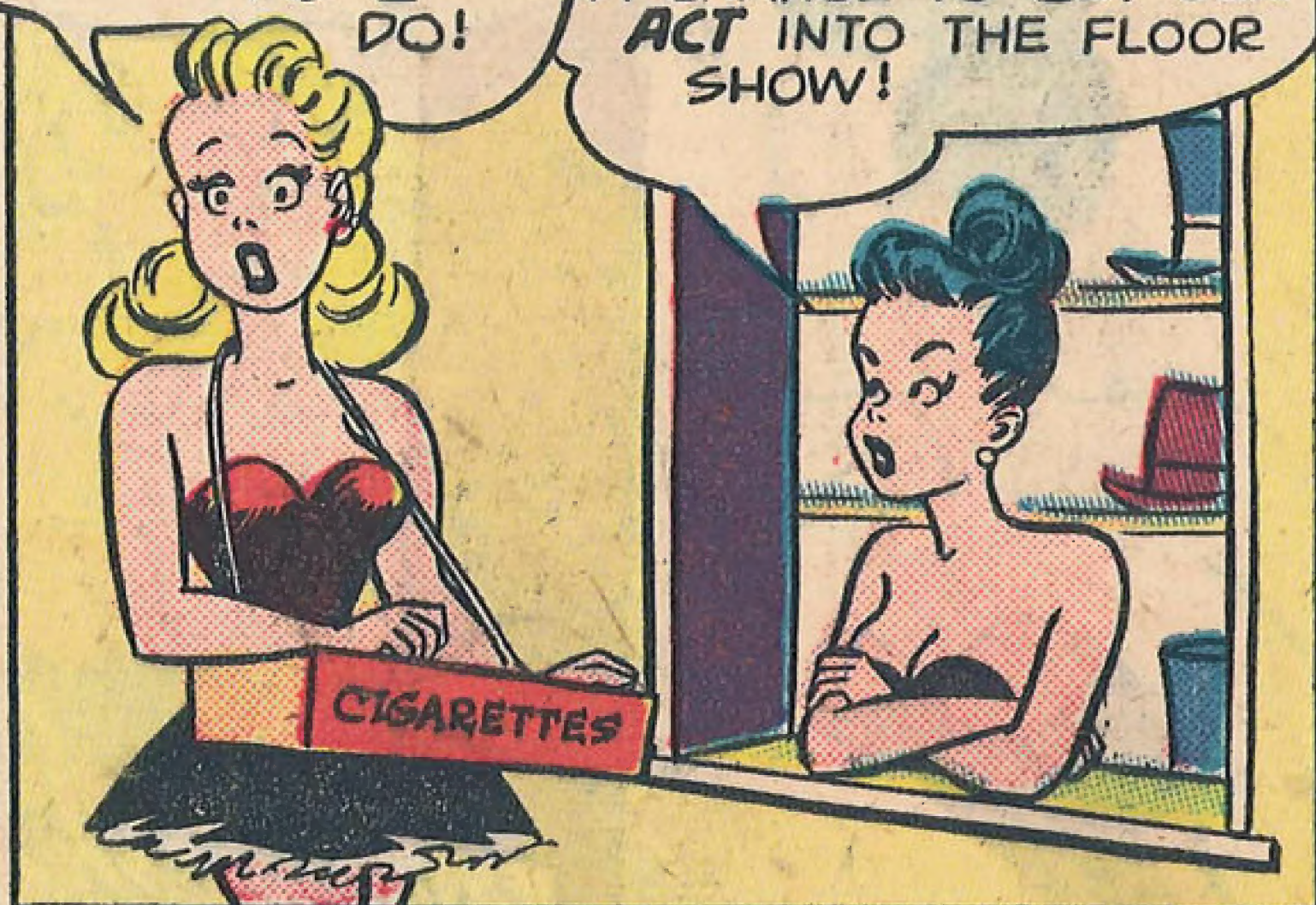


COUGH UP MORE THAN **TWO BITS**, BUSTER!
DOES **THAT** ANSWER YOUR QUESTION?



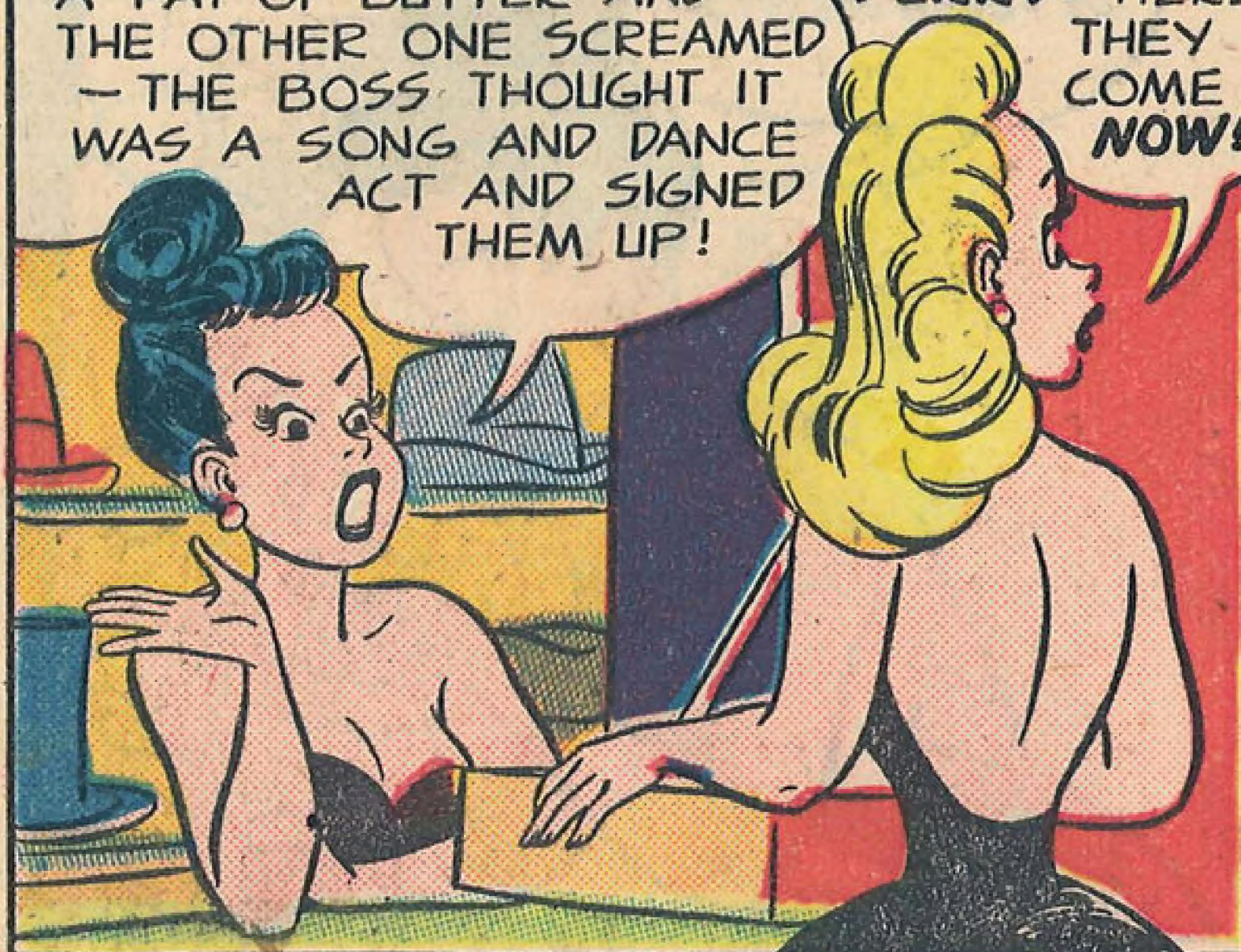
GOLLY, DENISE!
YOU HAVE AS
TOUGH A TIME
GETTING A FEW
NICKELS OUT OF
THESE JOKERS
AS **I**
DO!

YOU AIN'T JUST **KIDDIN'**,
DOTTY! BUT AFTER ALL, THE
ONLY REASON WE TOOK
THESE CHEESY JOBS
WAS TO GET **INTO** THIS
CLUB AND HOPE FOR
A CHANCE TO GET OUR
ACT INTO THE FLOOR
SHOW!



—AND WHO GETS THE
BREAK? THOSE GONE
GOON **GAZELLE SISTERS!**
ONE OF THEM SLIPPED ON
A PAT OF BUTTER AND
THE OTHER ONE SCREAMED
—THE BOSS THOUGHT IT
WAS A SONG AND DANCE
ACT AND SIGNED
THEM UP!

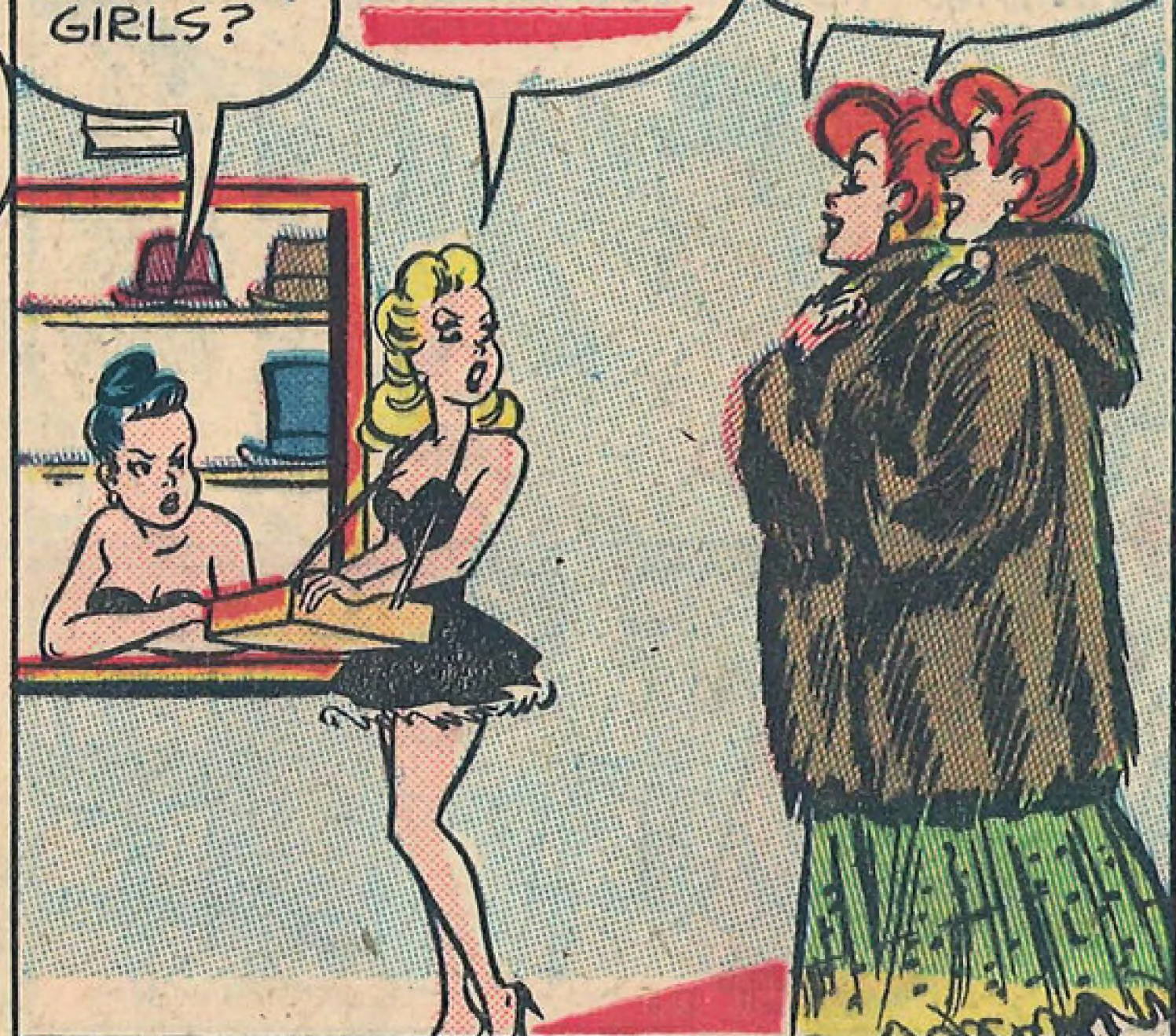
YEAH! THEY'VE
GOT VOICES
LIKE THE
HOBOKEN
FERRY! HERE
THEY
COME
NOW!



CHECK
YOUR
BROOMS,
GIRLS?

CIGARS?
CIGARETTES?
CYANIDE?

STILL **JEALOUS,**
SLAVES?

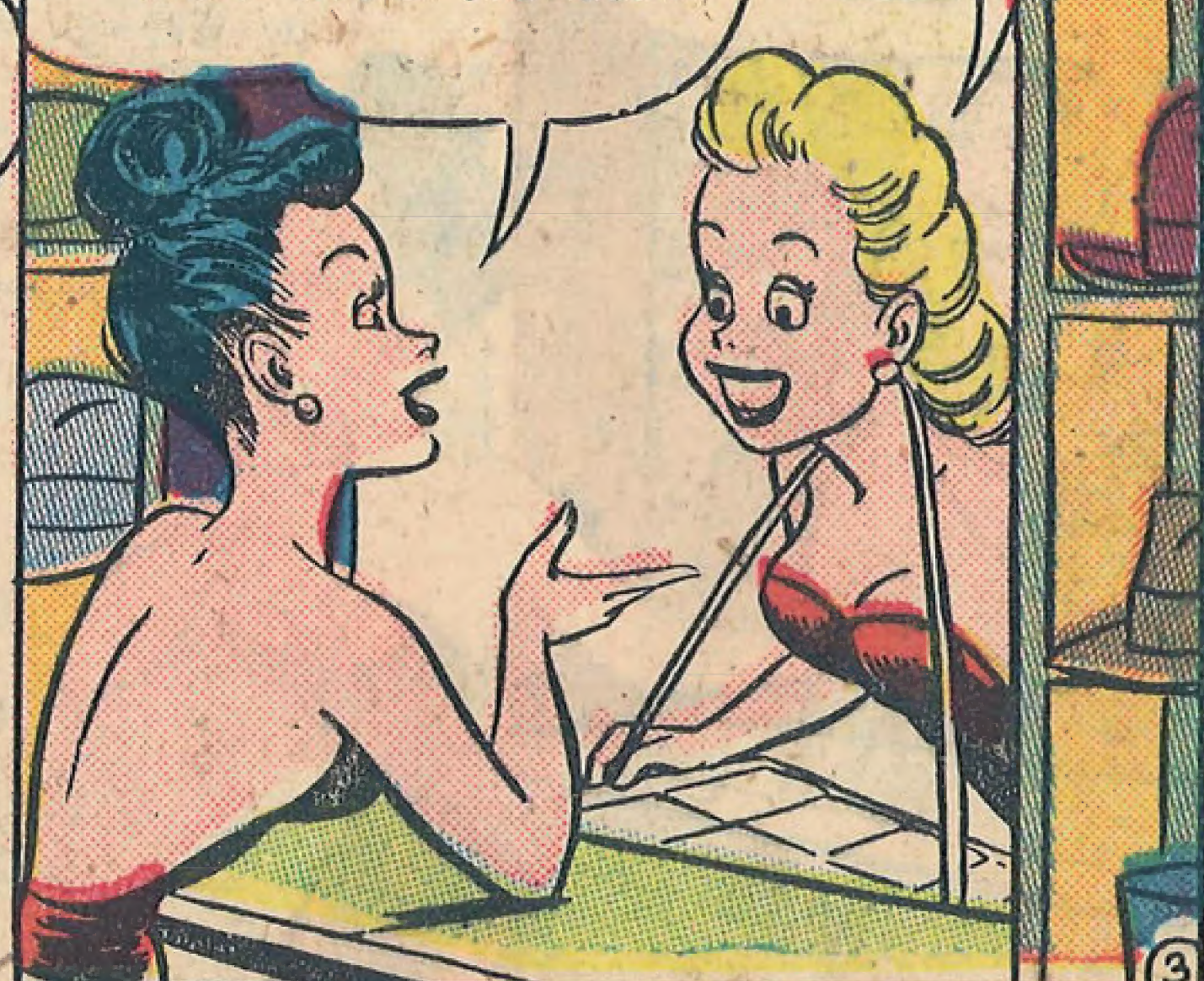
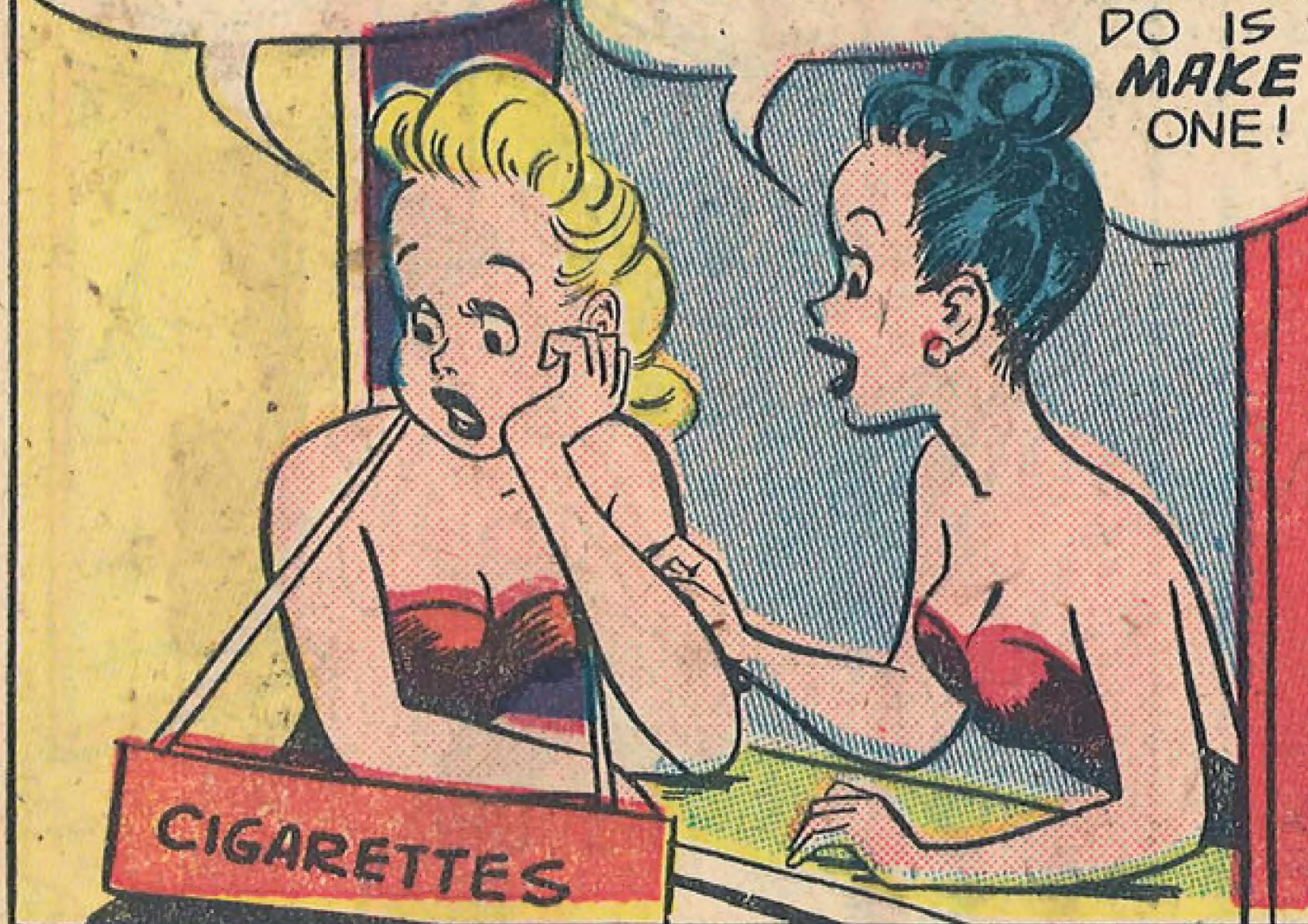


LET'S FACE IT,
DENISE! IT LOOKS
LIKE WE'RE **NEVER**
GONNA SEE OUR
NAMES IN LIGHTS!

JEEPERS, DOTTY, I JUST
THOUGHT OF SOME-
THING! WE'VE BEEN
MAKING OUR MISTAKE
BY **WAITING** FOR A
BREAK! THE THING TO
DO IS
MAKE
ONE!

LISTEN! IF YOU DO
JUST AS I SAY, WE
CAN BE **STARRING**
IN THIS CLUB! AND
NOT IN TWO YEARS
— BUT **TWO HOURS!**

GOLLY, DENISE—
REALLY? IT'S
OKAY BY
ME!







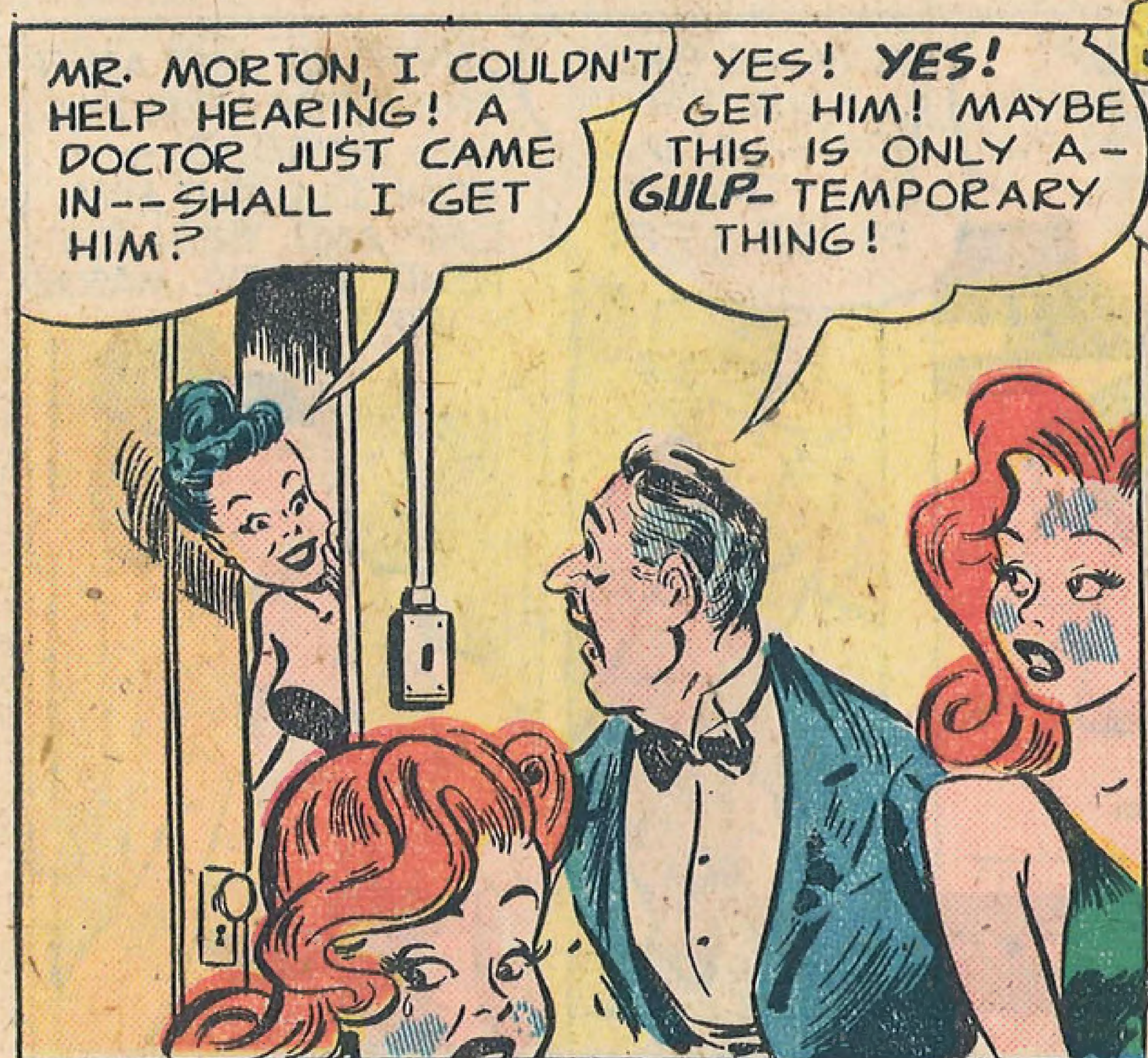
STAND BY, DOTTY—I'M GONNA NEED YOU!—BE BACK IN A SECOND!



MEANWHILE—

YE GODS, GIRLS, WHAT'S ALL THE YELLING — YIPE! YOUR FACES! WHAT —

WE'VE CAUGHT SOMETHING! GET A DOCTOR! GET SOMEBODY!

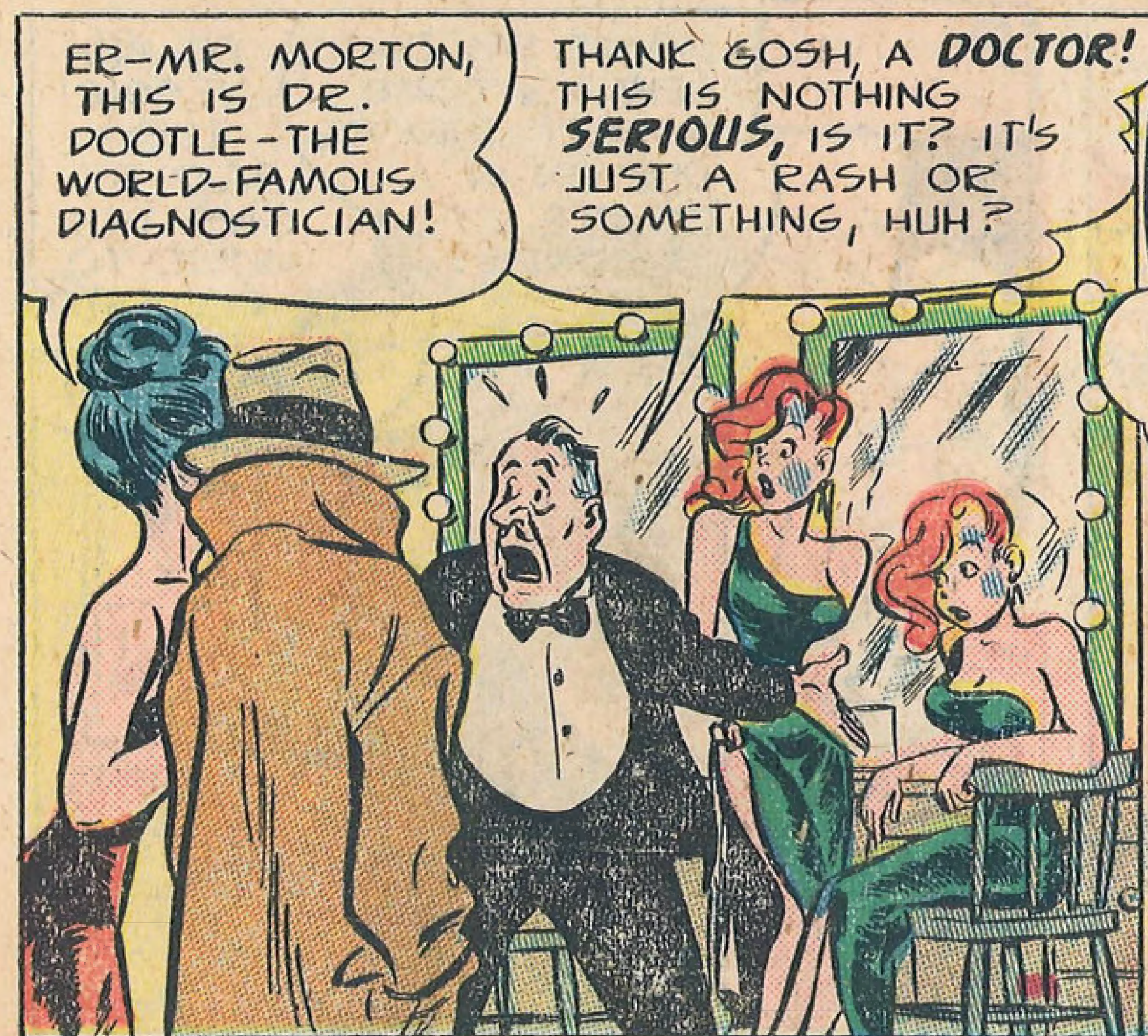
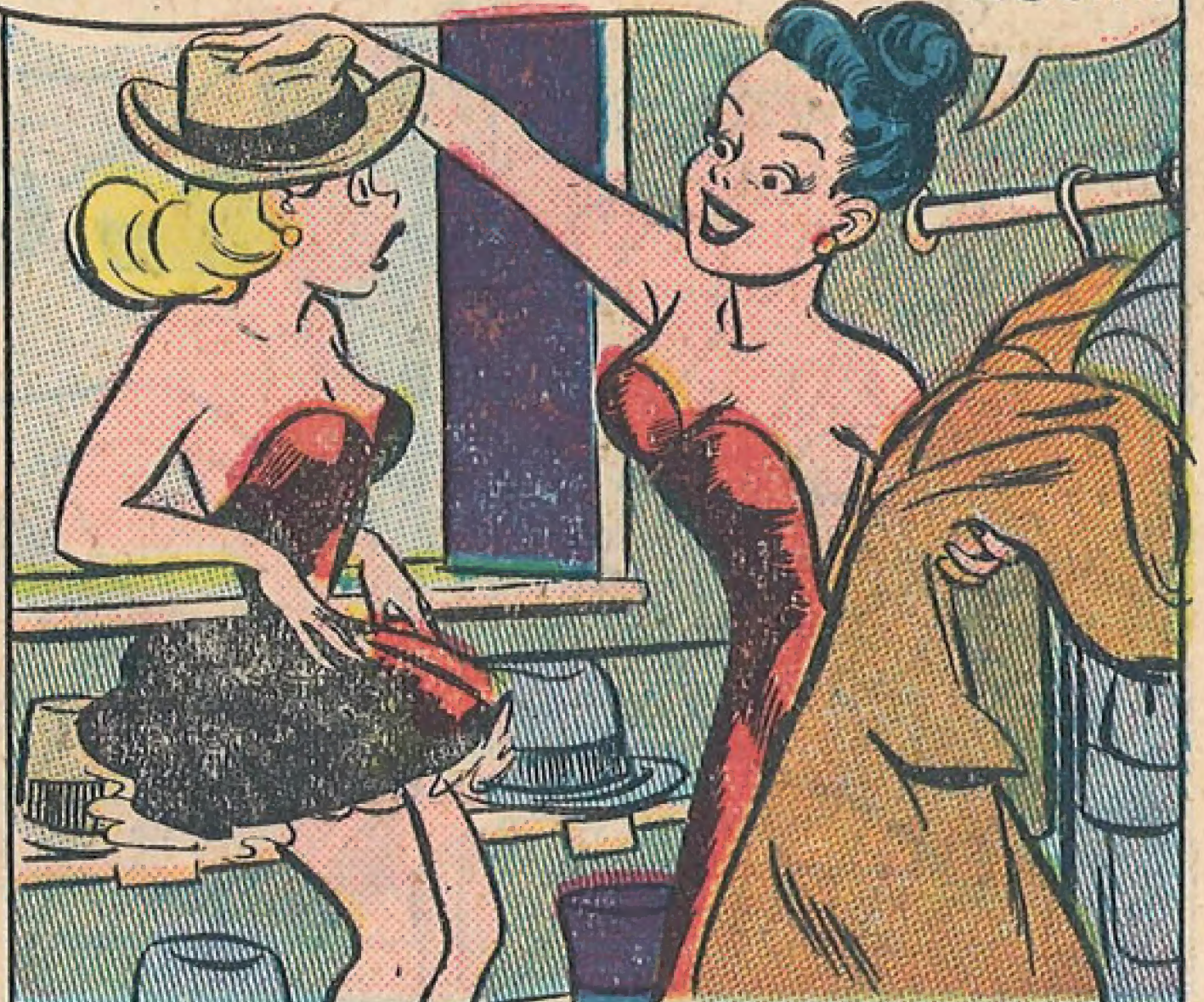


MR. MORTON, I COULDN'T HELP HEARING! A DOCTOR JUST CAME IN--SHALL I GET HIM?

YES! YES! GET HIM! MAYBE THIS IS ONLY A—GULP—TEMPORARY THING!

SECONDS LATER—

QUICK, DOTTY! PUT ON THIS STUFF! YOU'RE GONNA BE A DOCTOR! I'LL 'EXPLAIN ON OUR WAY TO THE GAZELLE SISTERS' DRESSING ROOM!



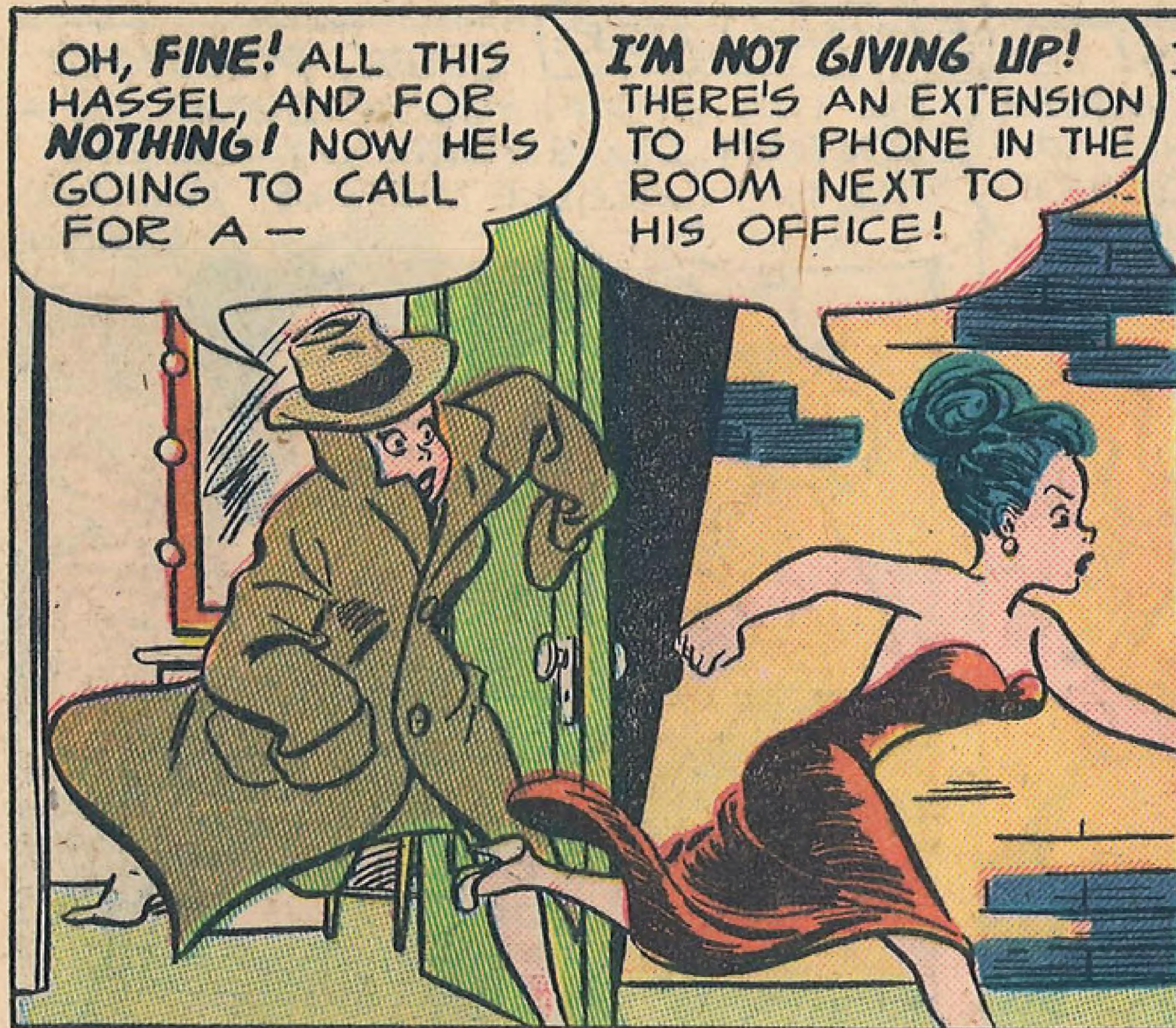
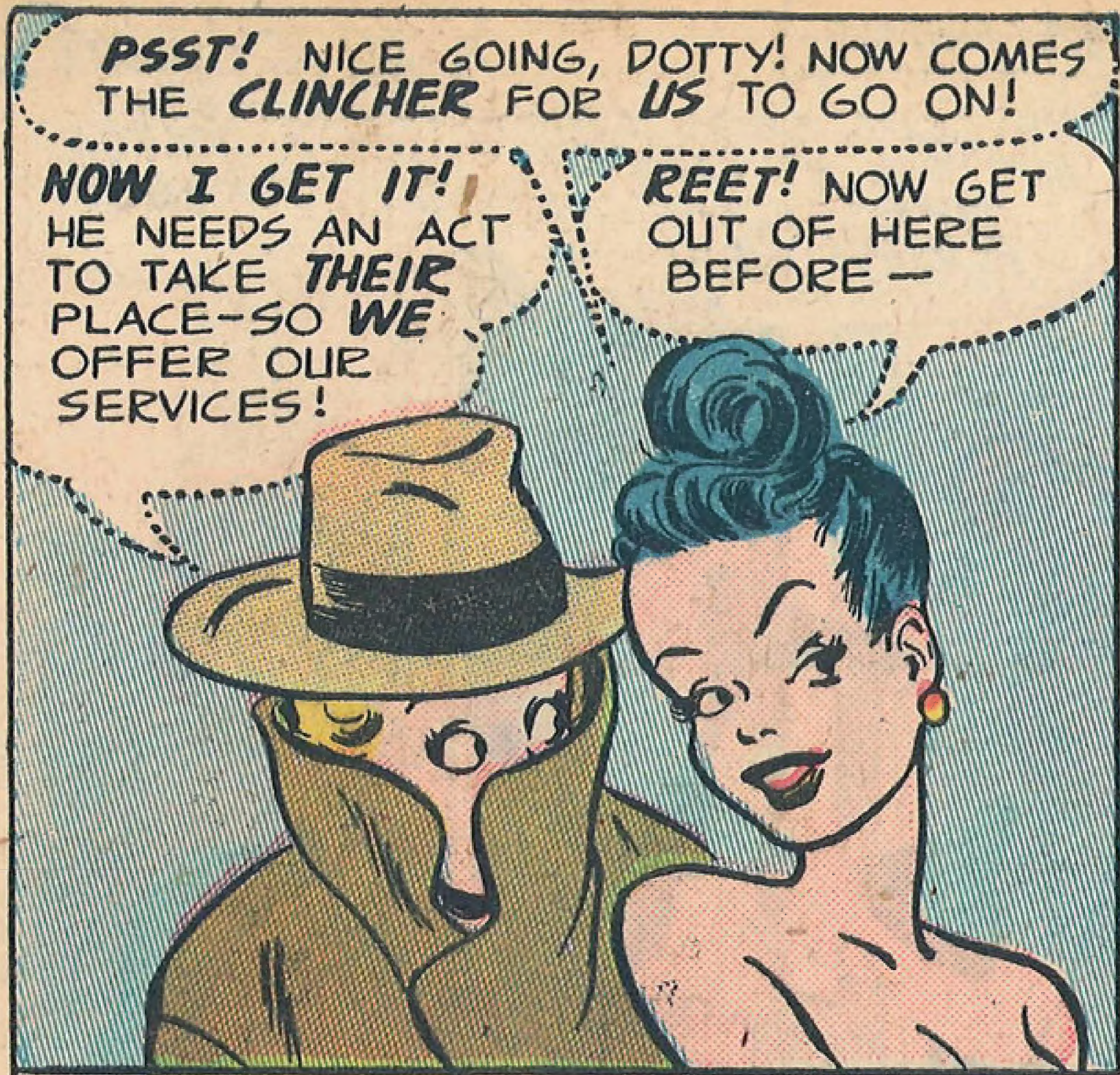
ER—MR. MORTON, THIS IS DR. DOOTLE—THE WORLD-FAMOUS DIAGNOSTICIAN!

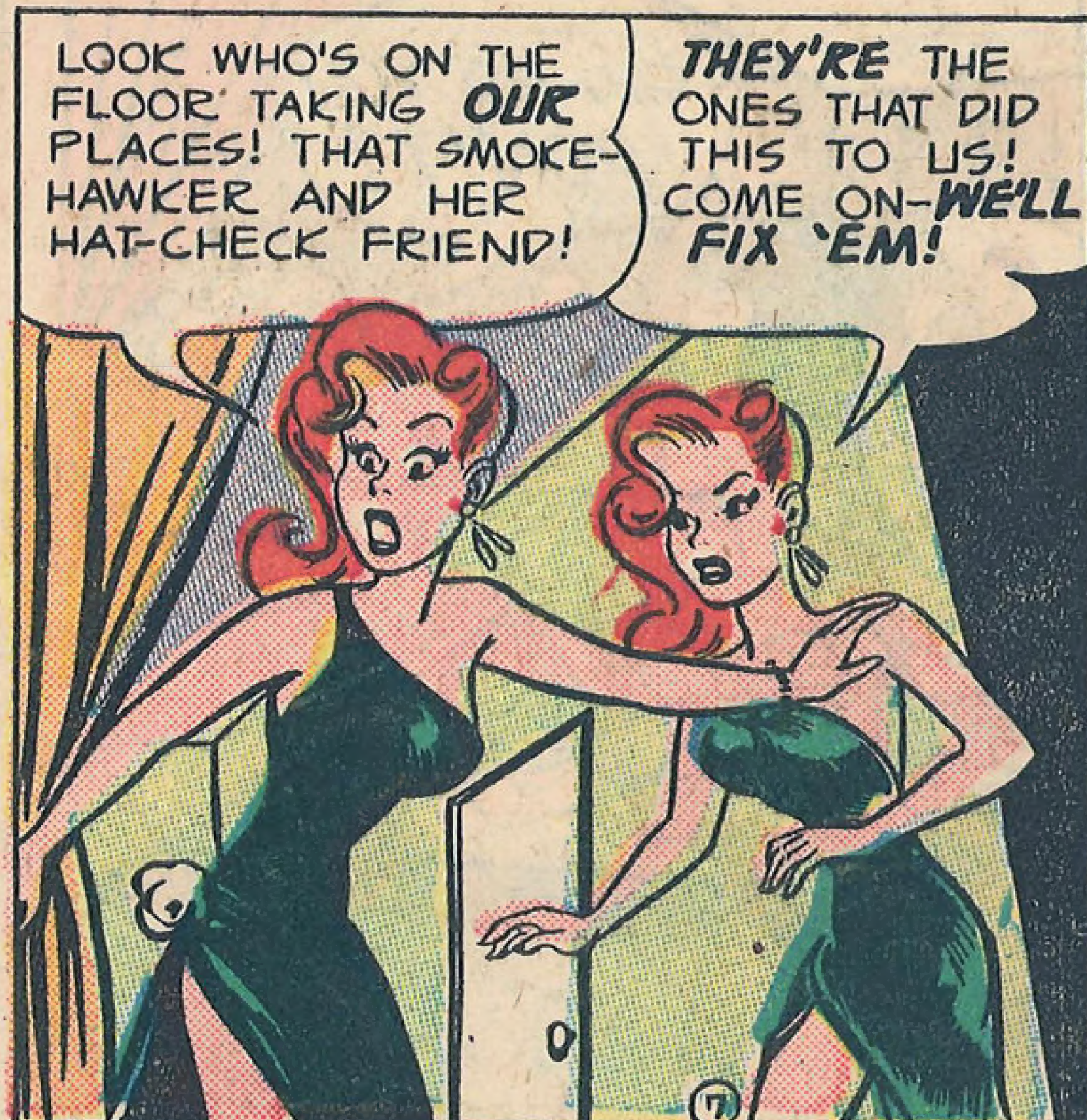
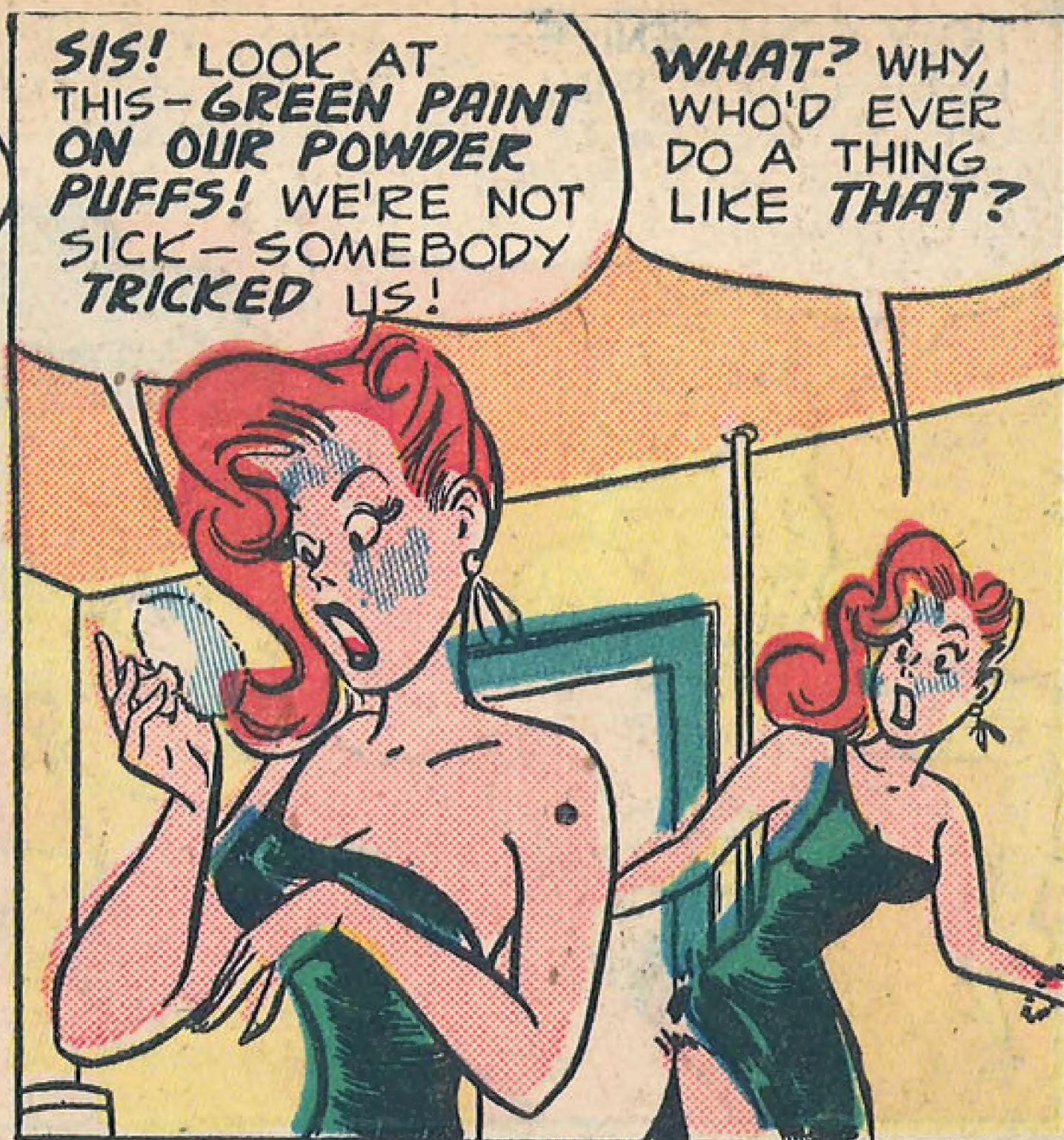
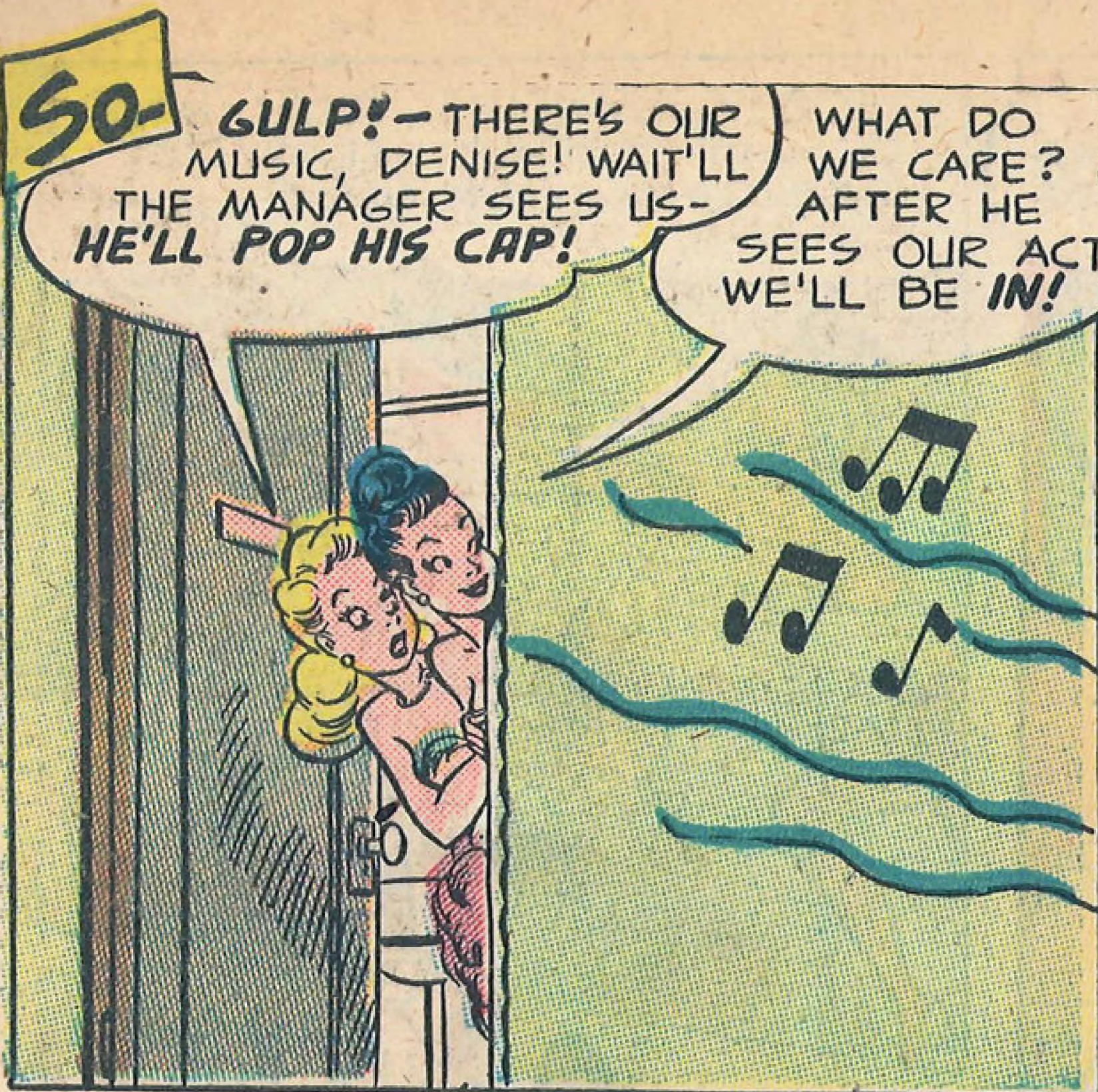
THANK GOSH, A DOCTOR! THIS IS NOTHING SERIOUS, IS IT? IT'S JUST A RASH OR SOMETHING, HUH?

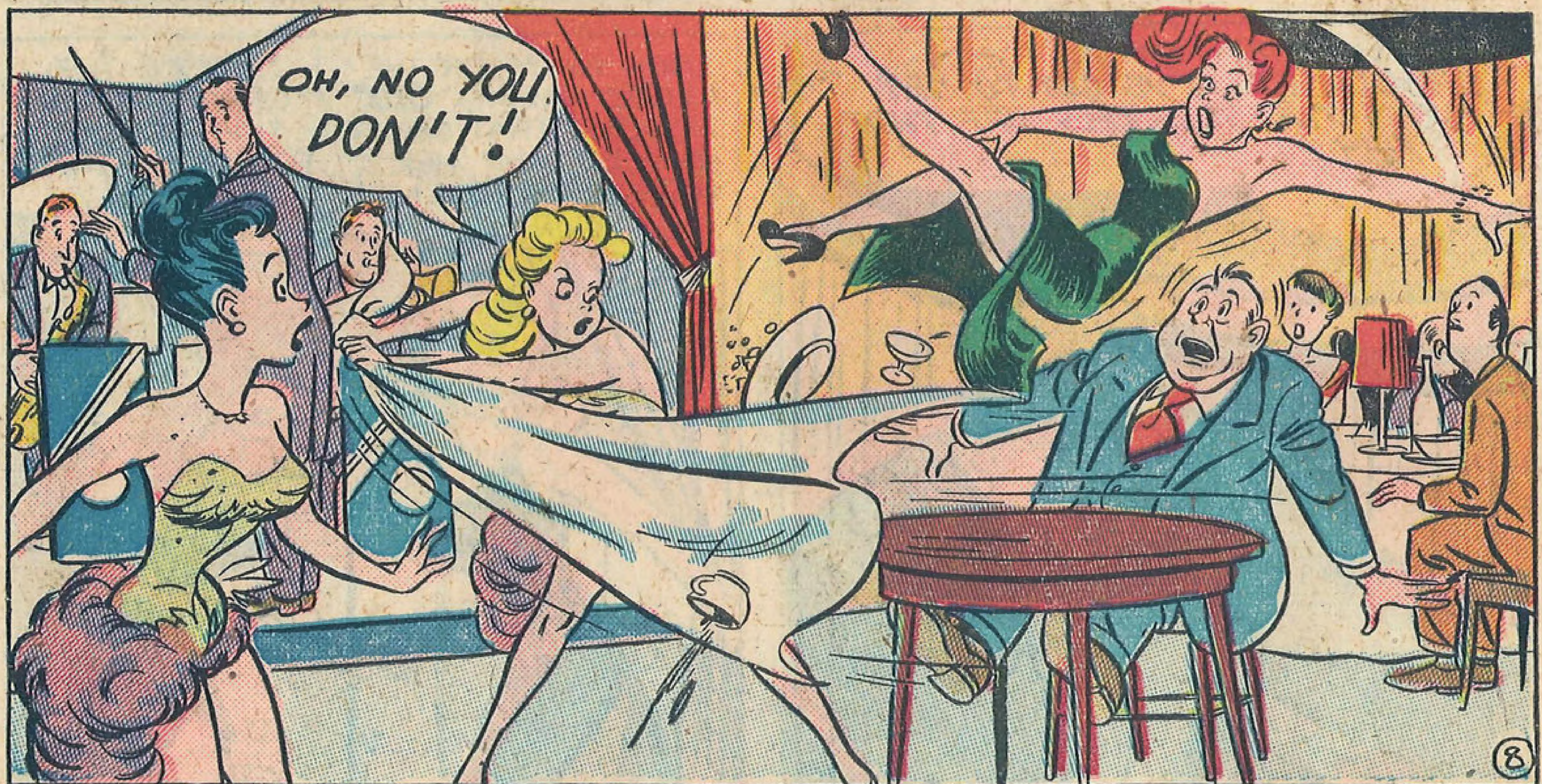
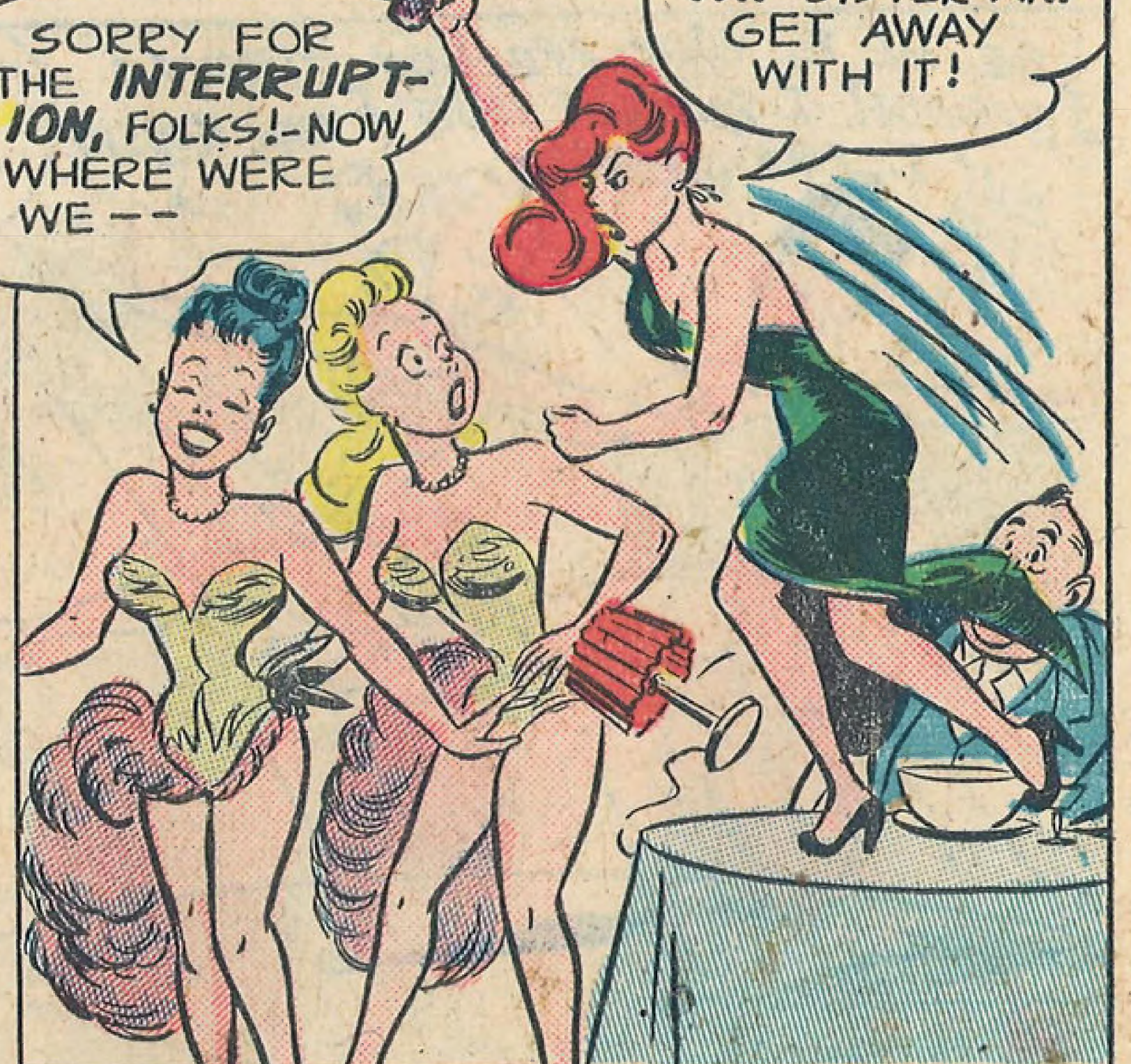
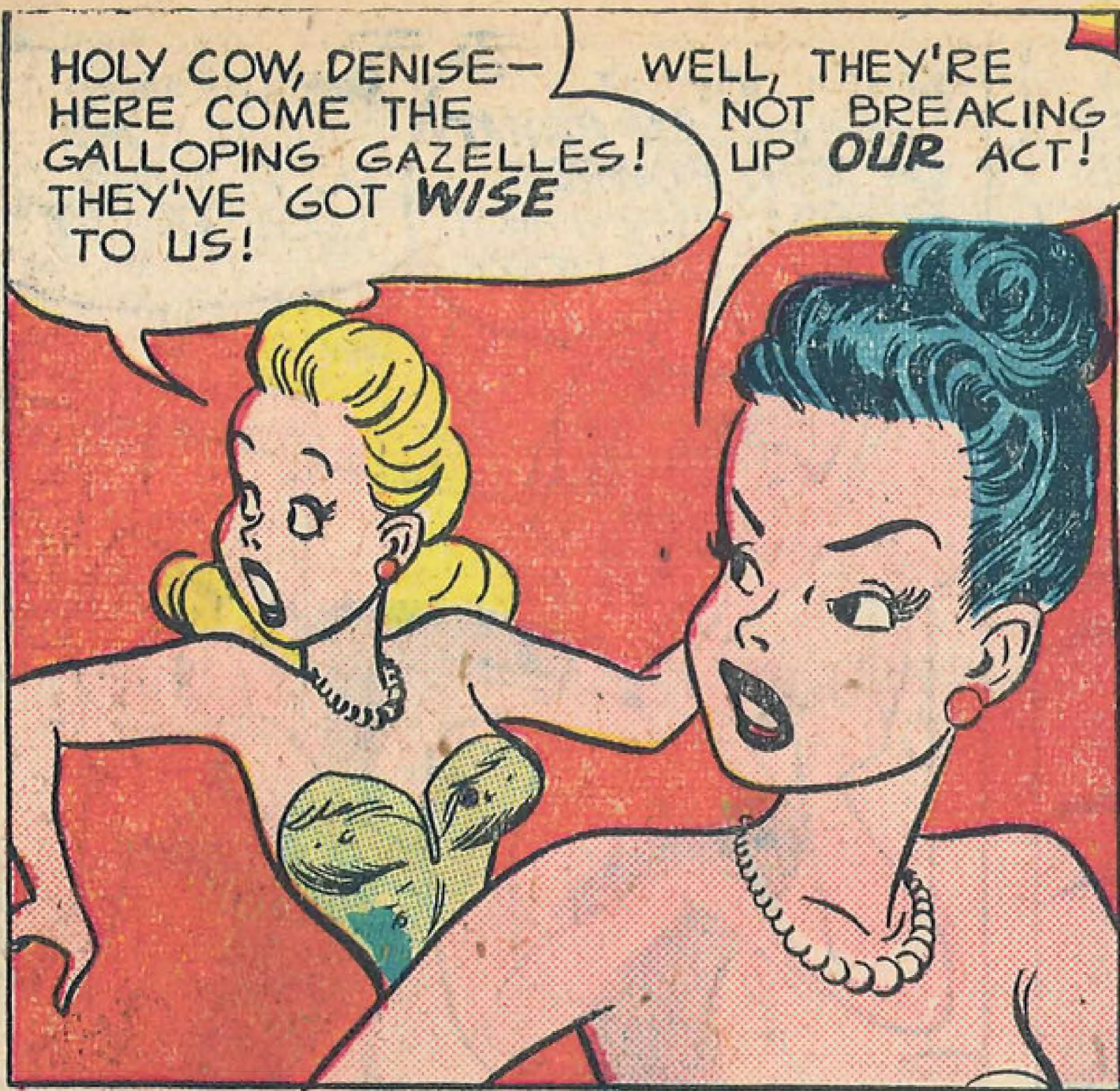


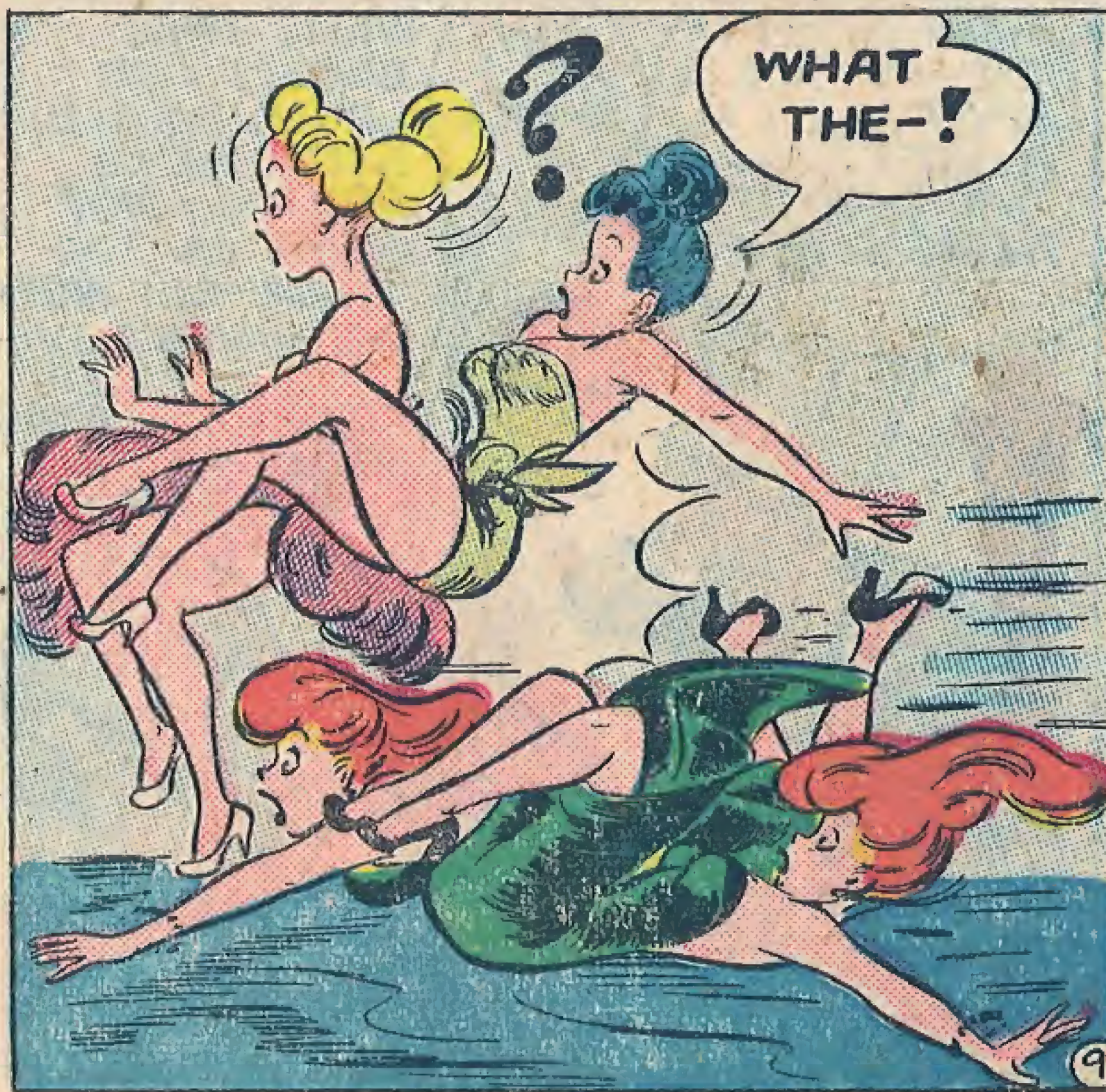
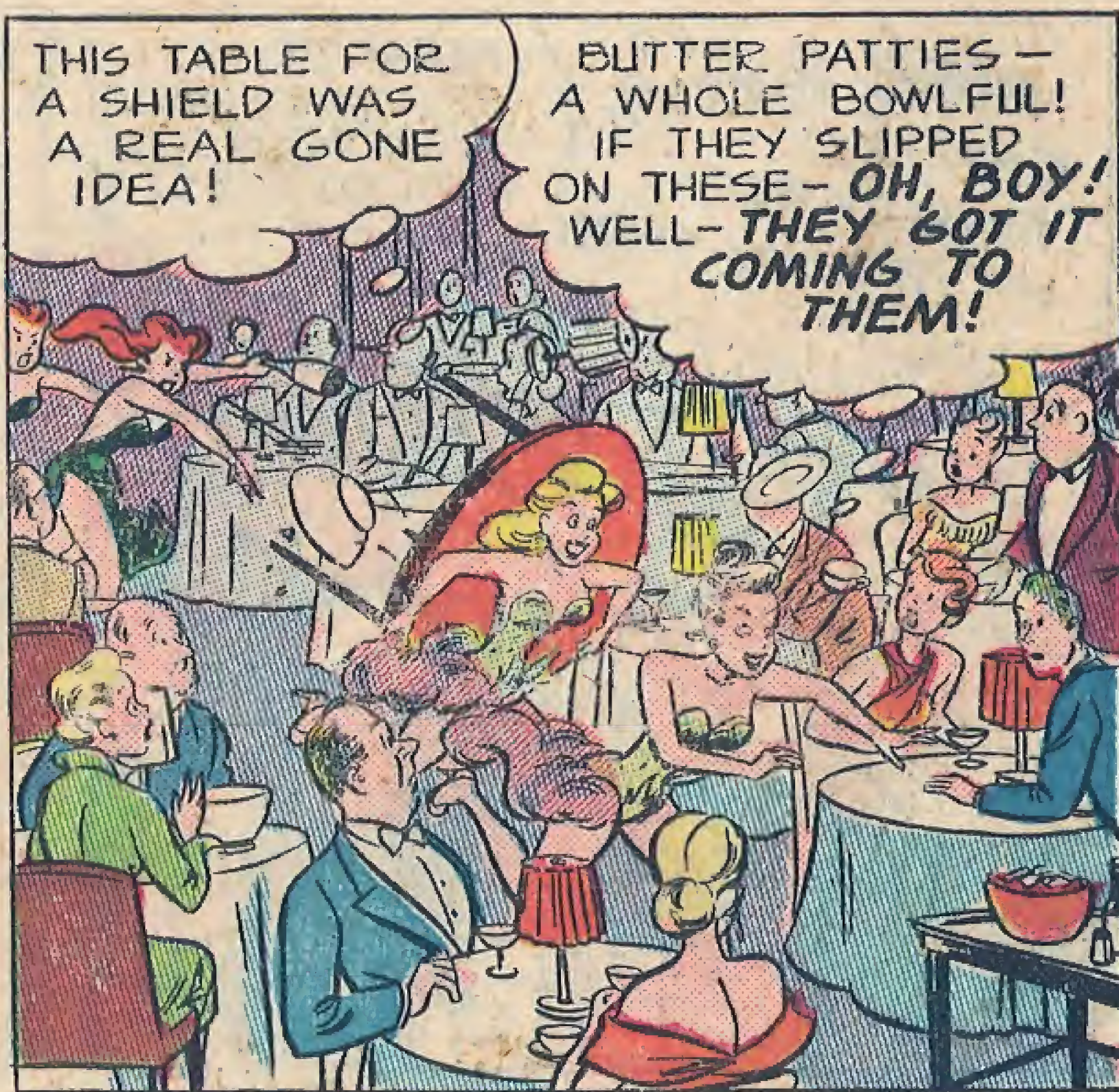
RASH-PASH! THIS IS THE RARE GREEN-SPOTTED FEVER! NOT FATAL, BUT CONTAGIOUS! THESE GIRLS WILL HAVE TO REMAIN QUARANTINED IN THIS ROOM FOR TWO DAYS!

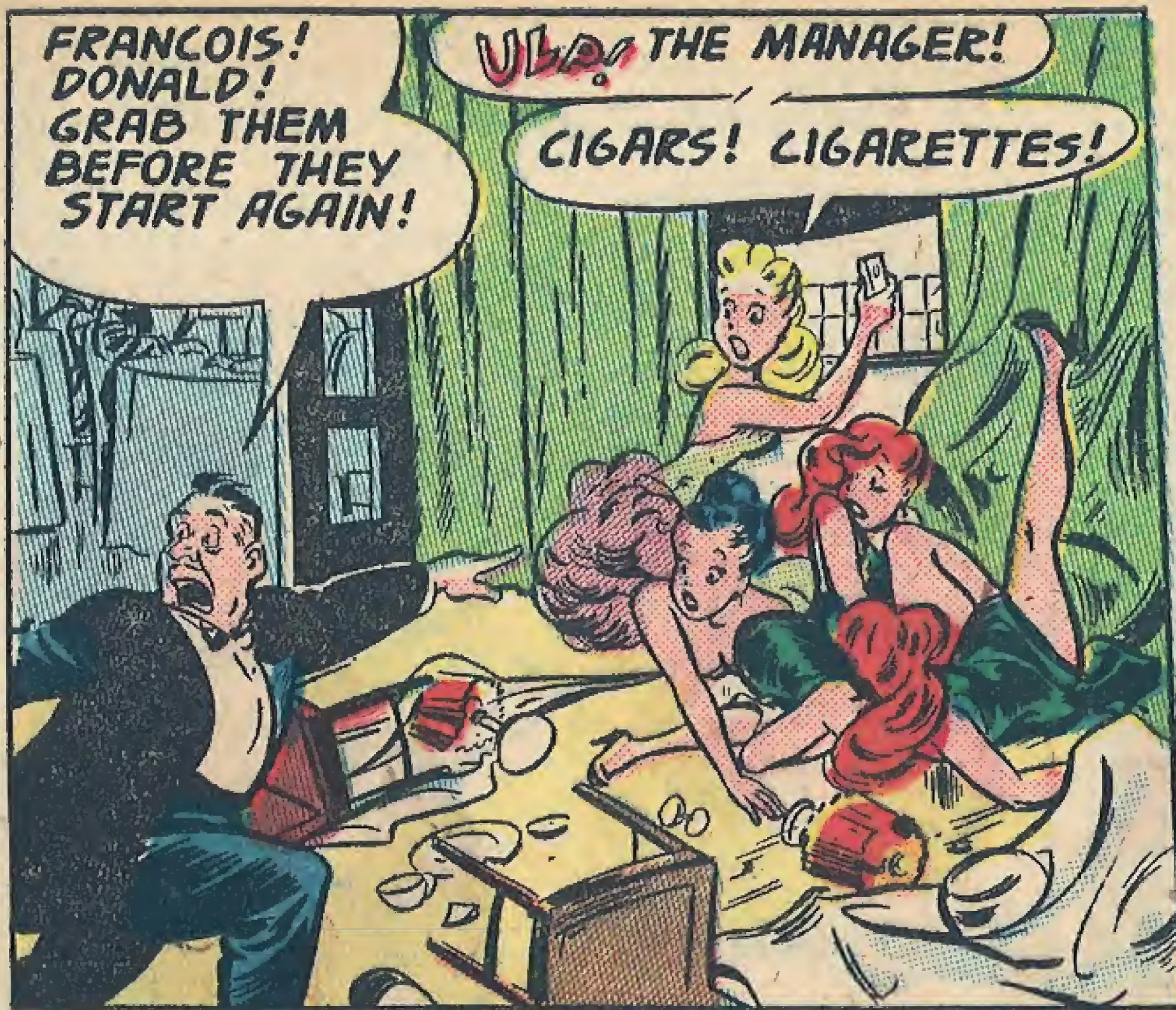
WHAT?

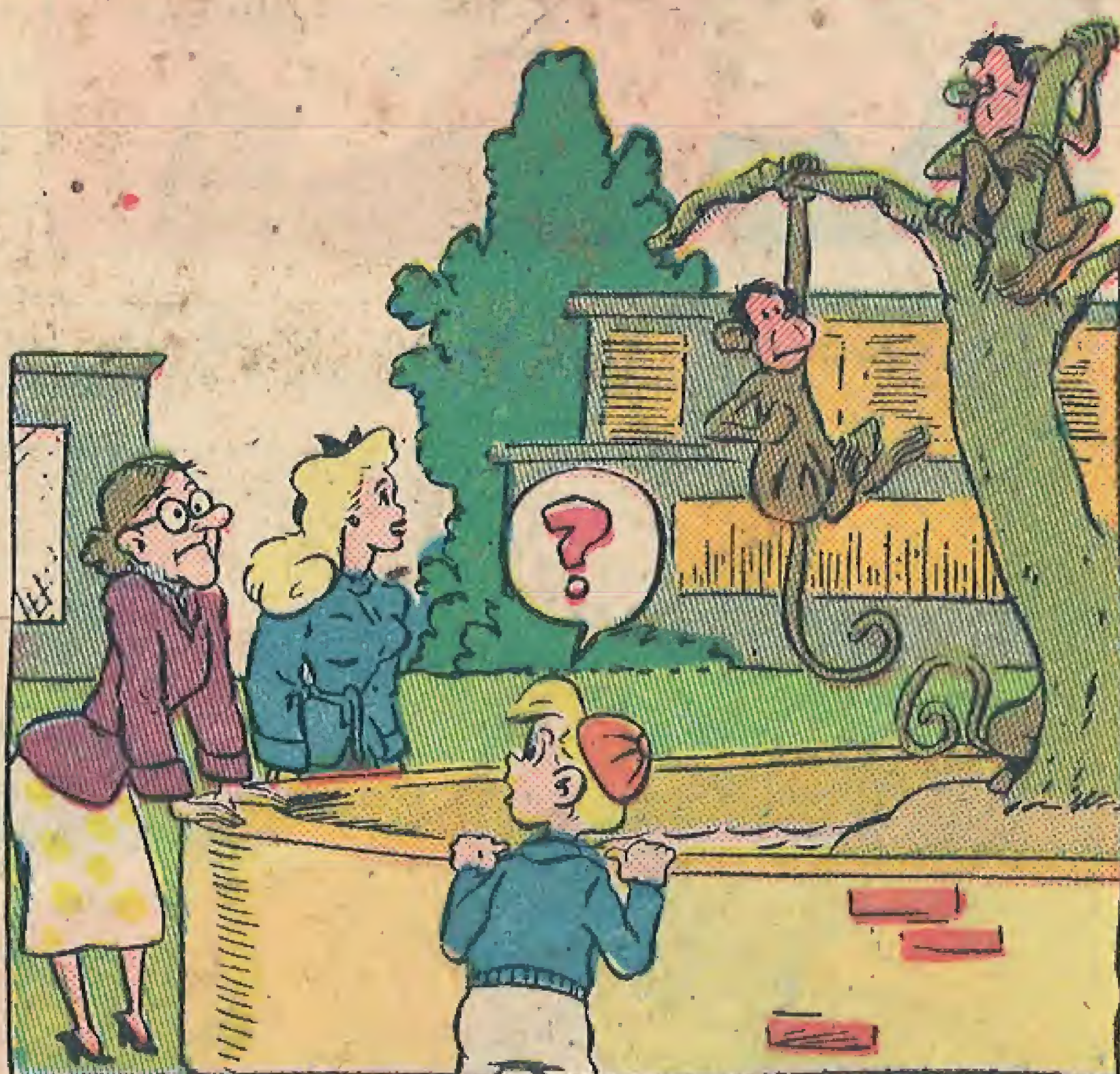
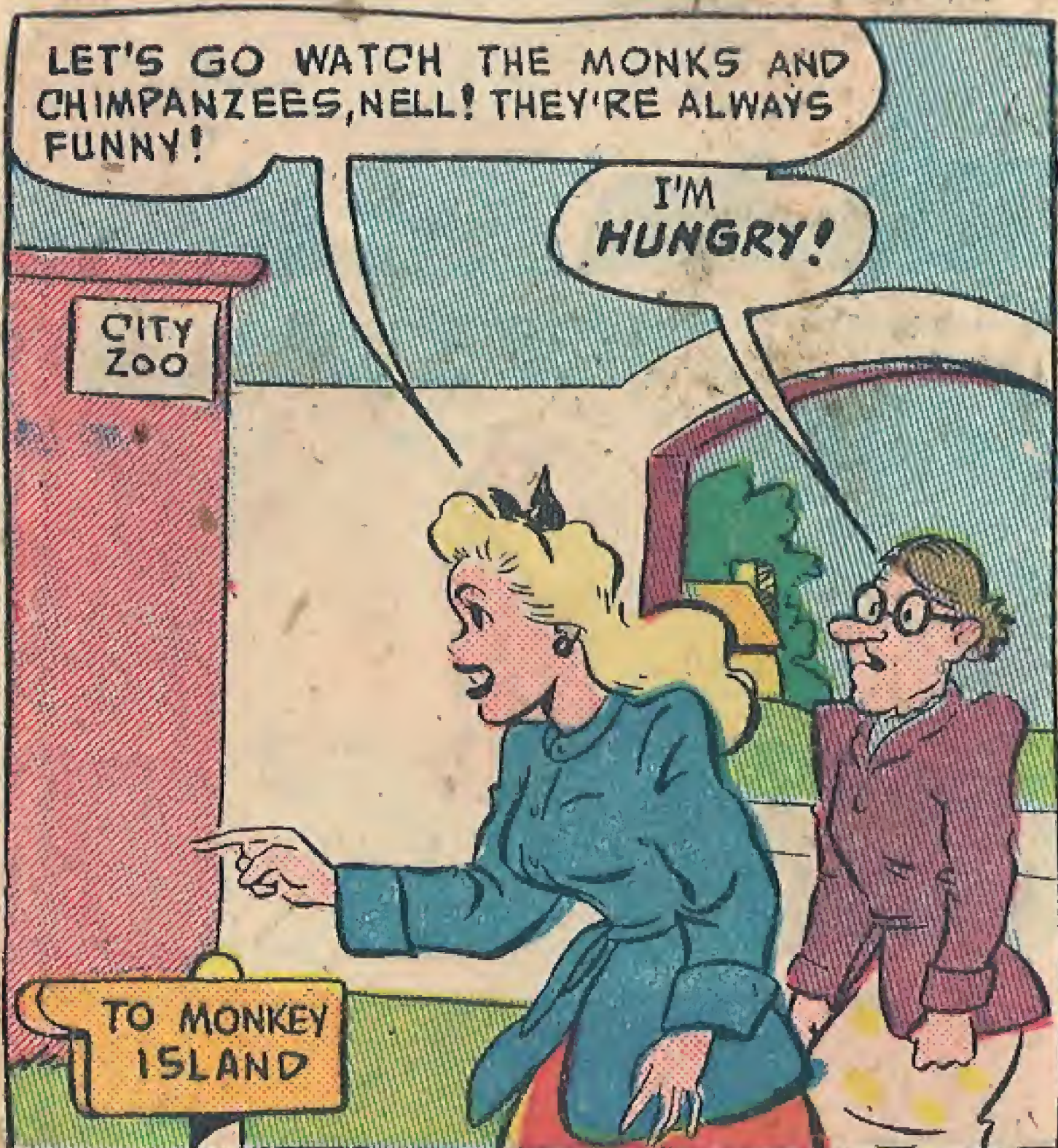
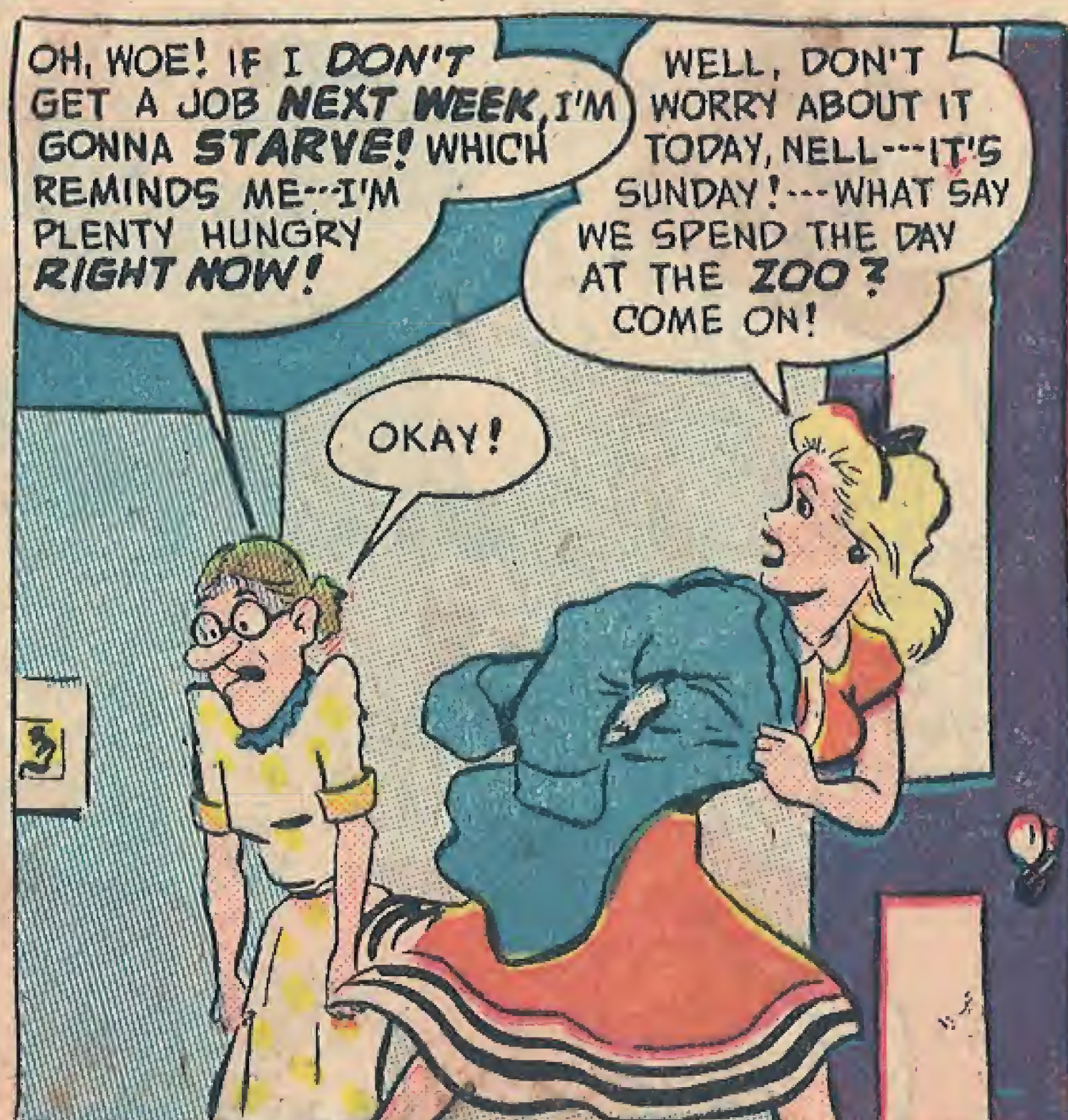
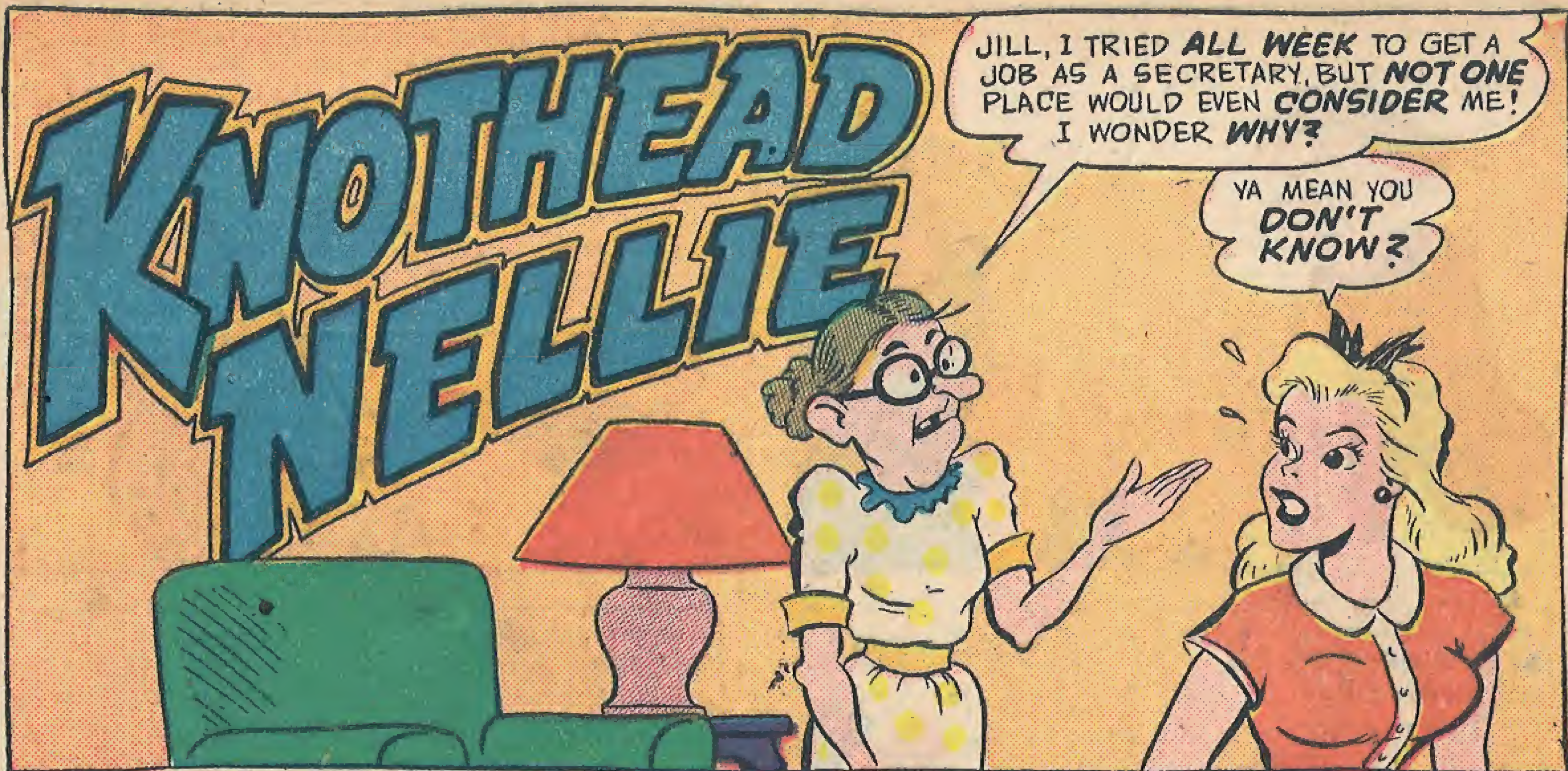


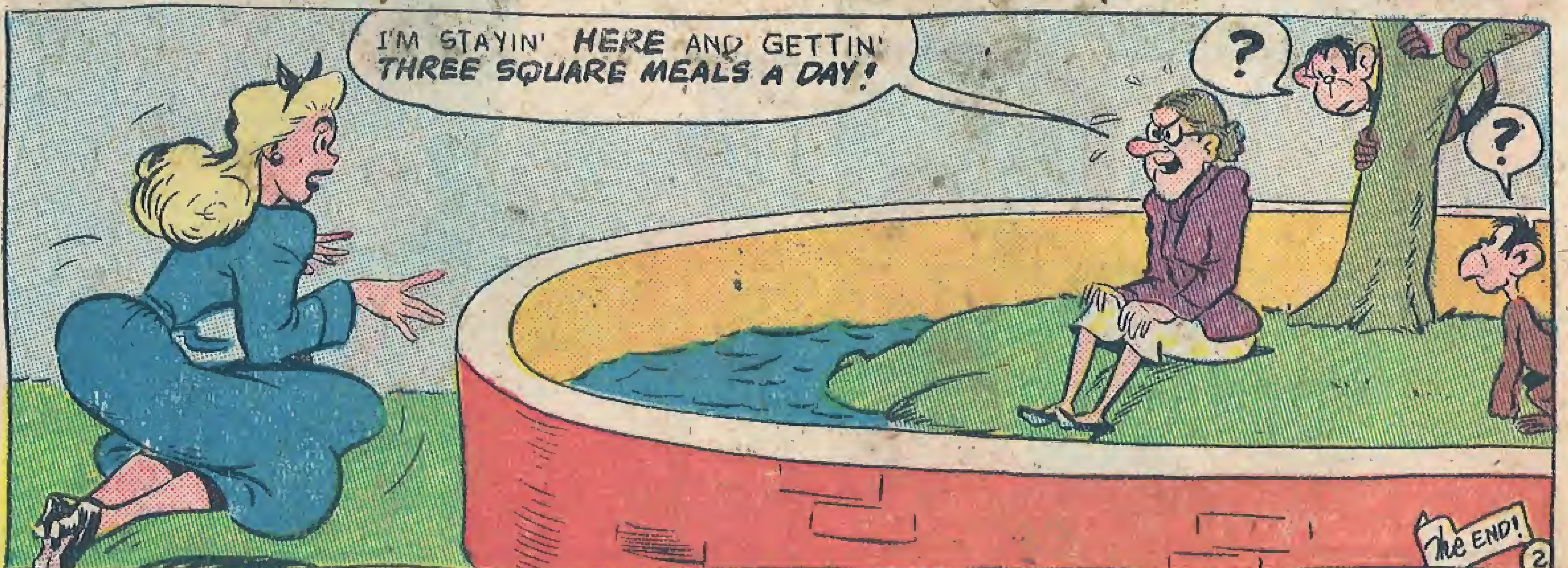
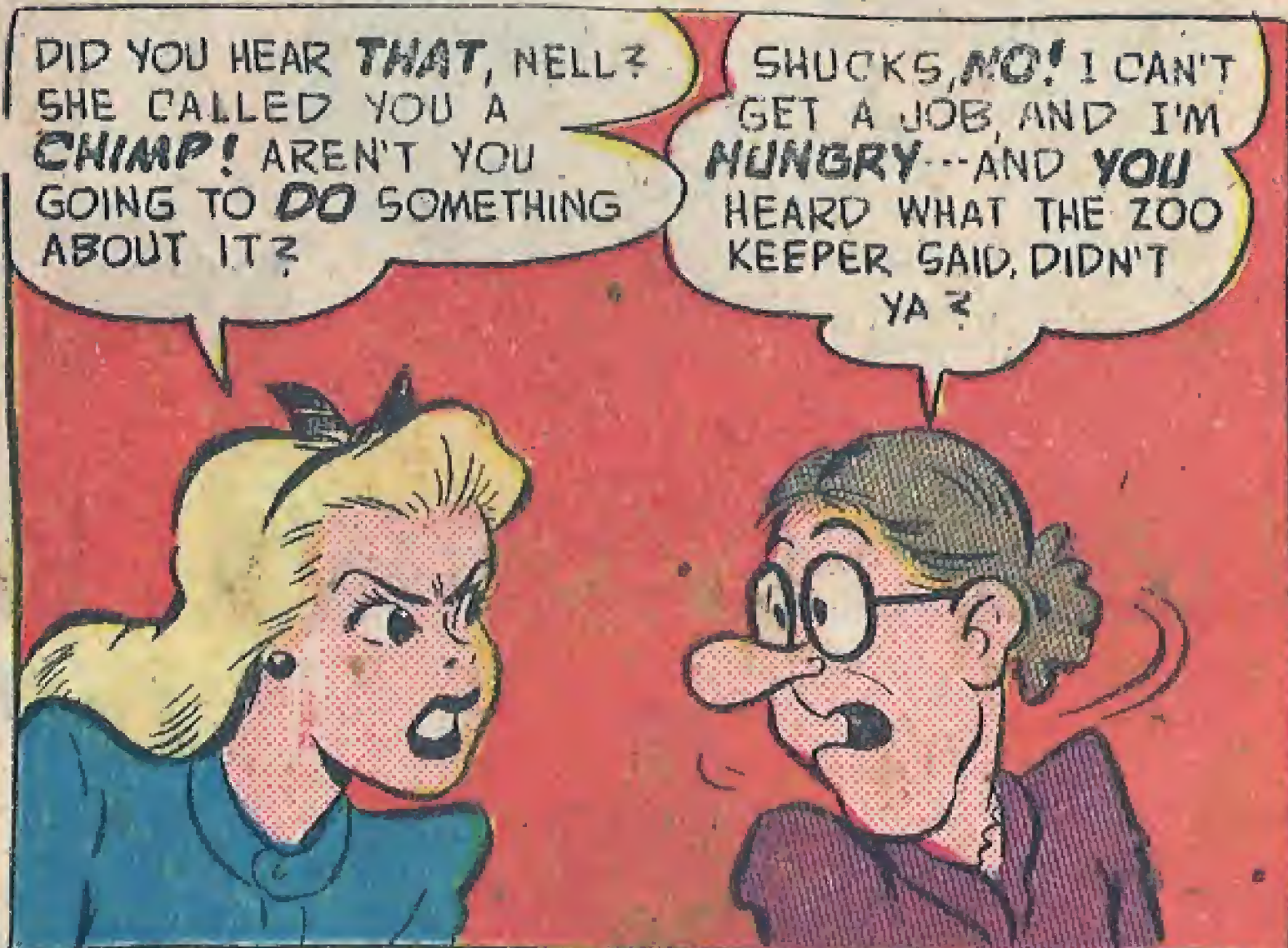
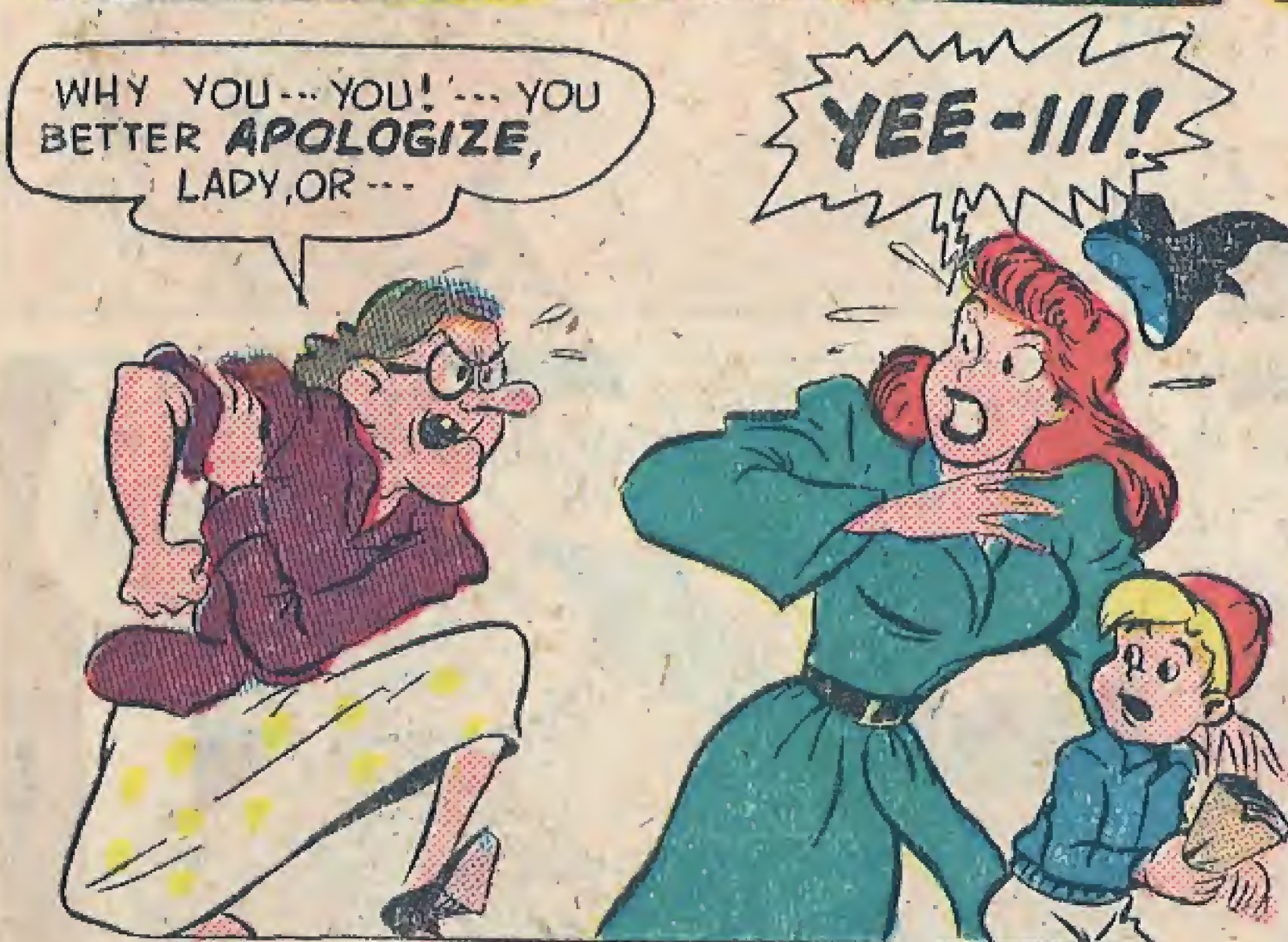
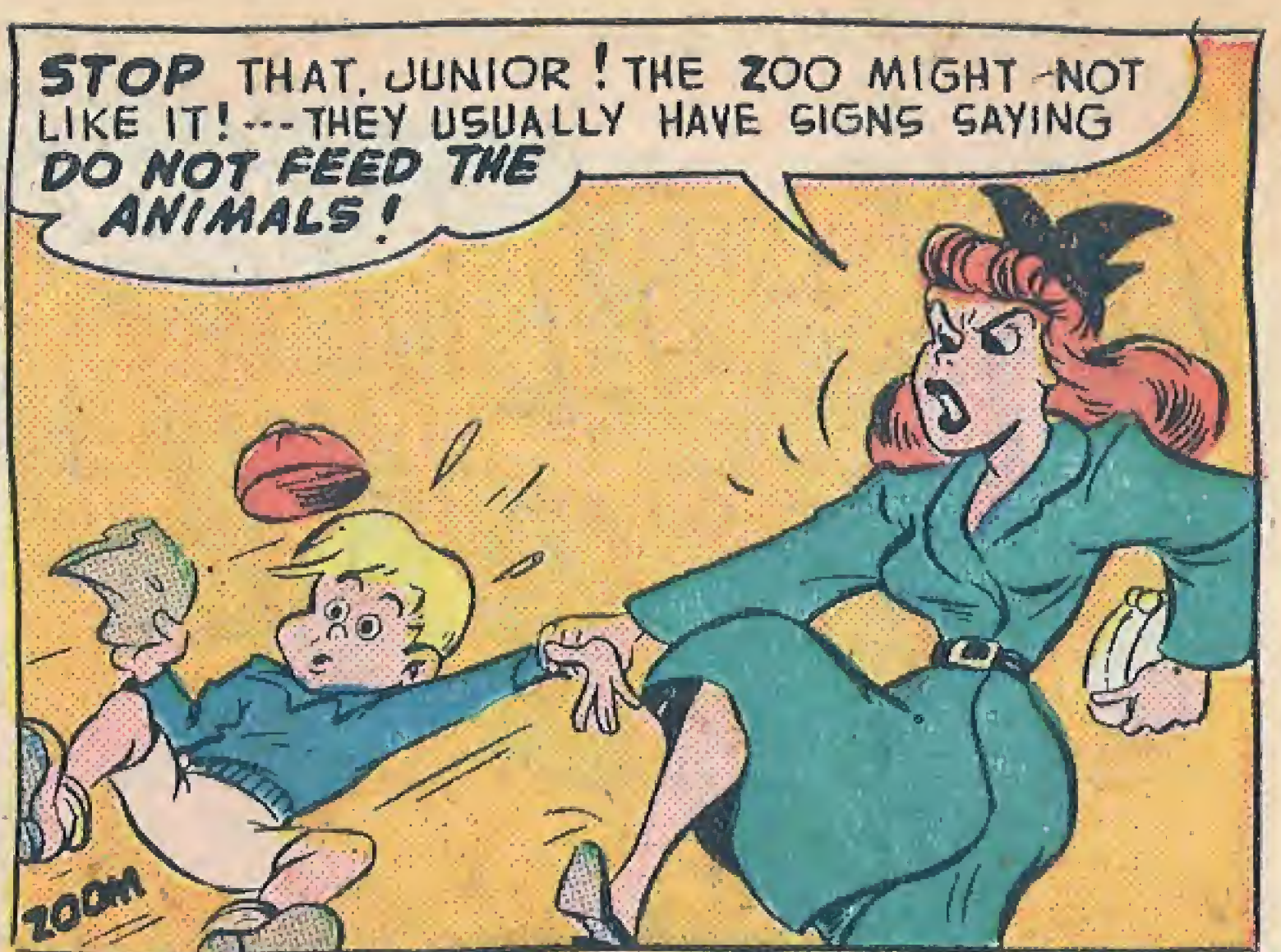




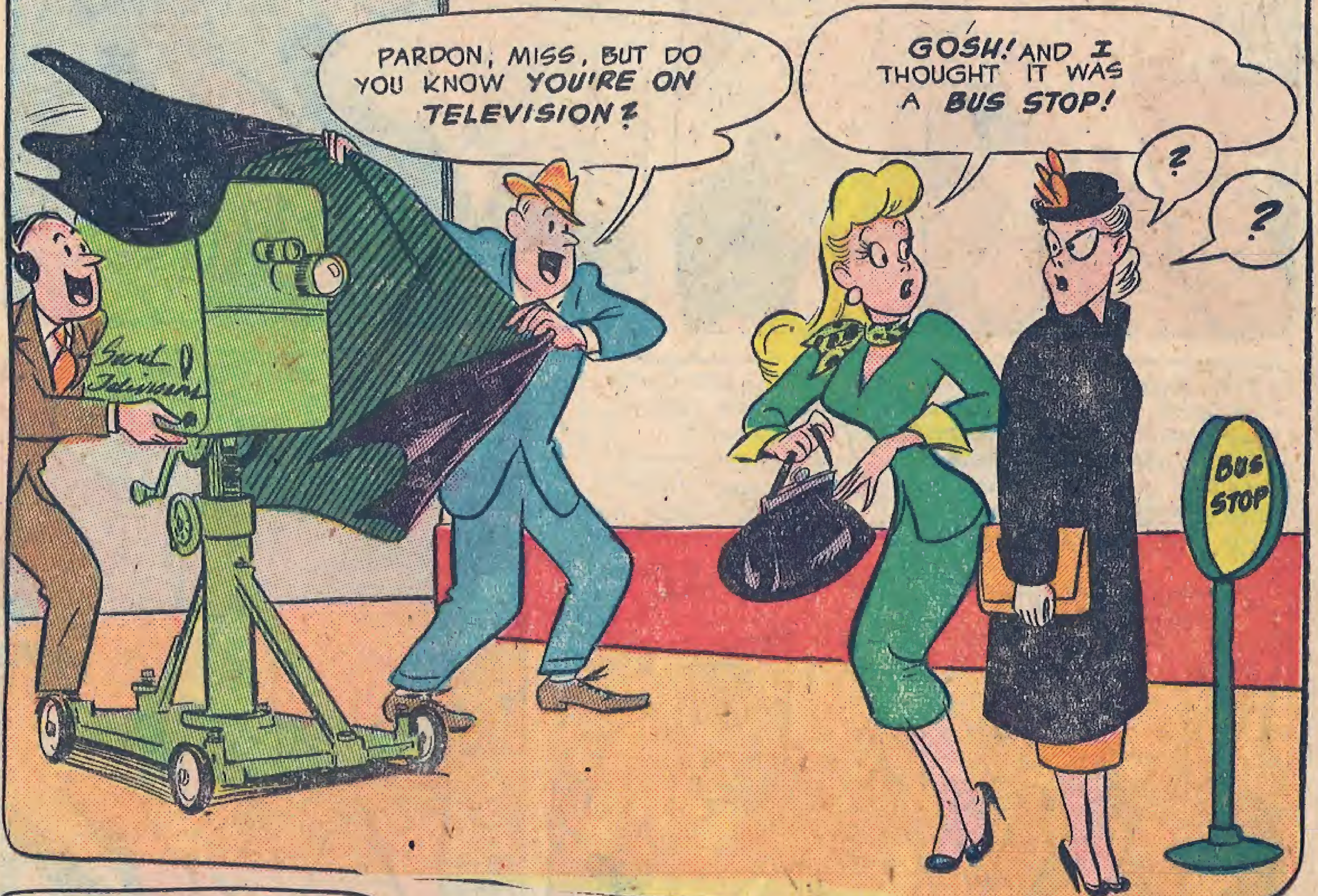




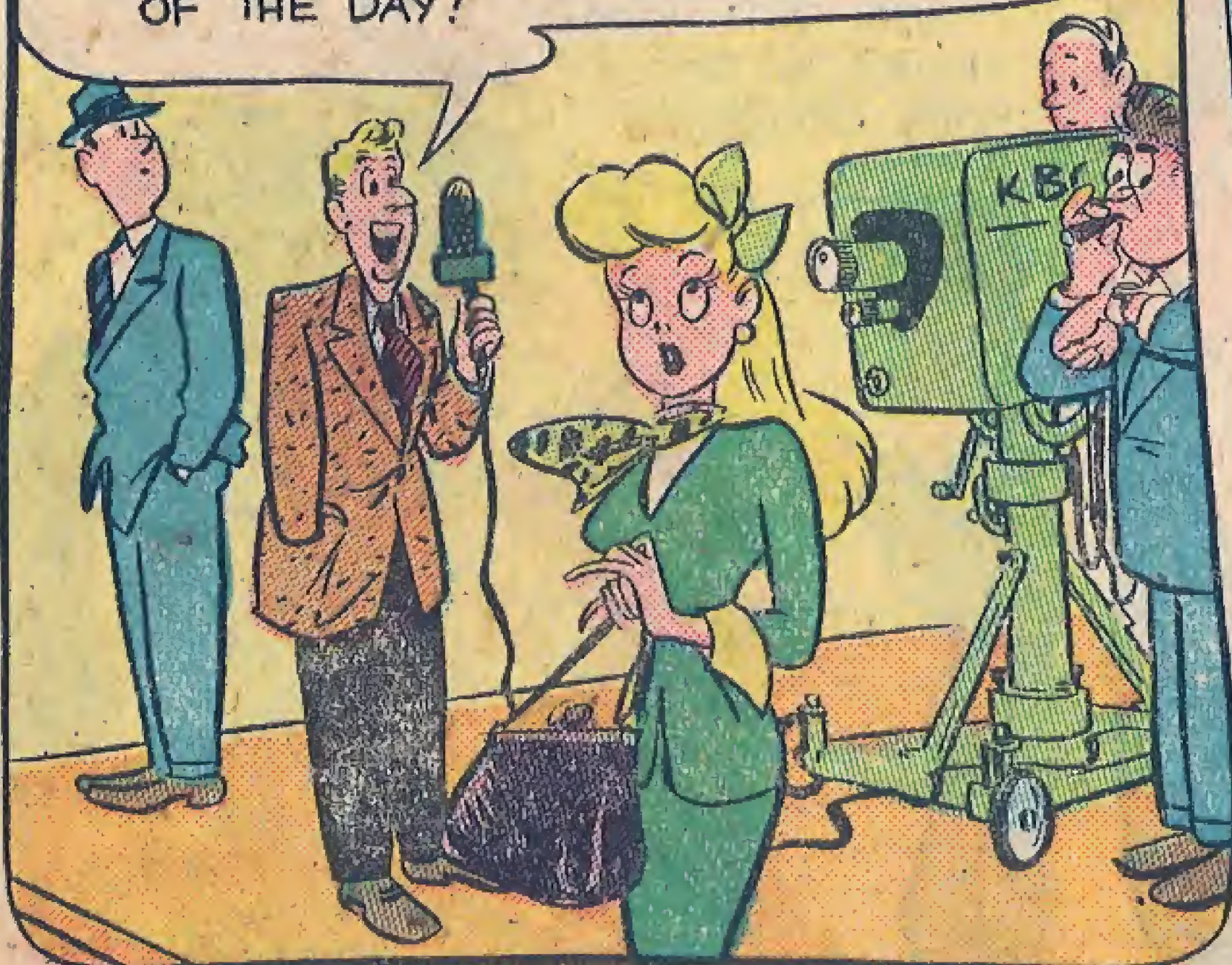




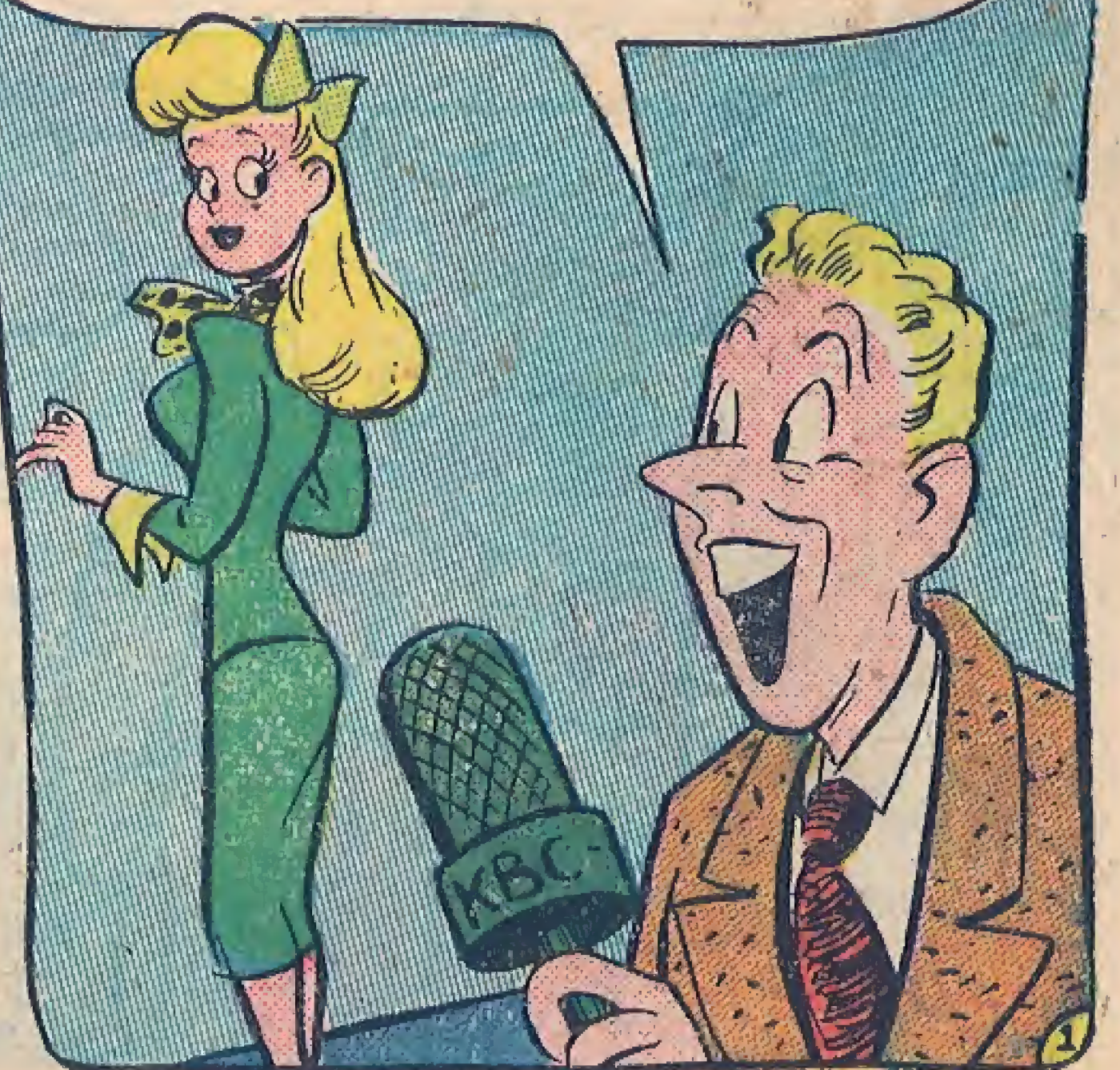
MORONICA



WELL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HERE WE ARE AGAIN WITH "YOUR MAN IN THE STREET" TELECAST-- THE PROGRAM THAT BRINGS YOU THE INTELLIGENT COMMENT OF THE ORDINARY AMERICAN ON VITAL QUESTIONS OF THE DAY!



AH, THERE'S AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADY WAITING FOR THE TRAFFIC SIGNAL TO CHANGE! I'LL SEE IF I CAN GET HER!





PARDON, MISS, BUT
WOULD YOU LIKE
TO BE ON
TELEVISION
AND ANSWER
A FEW
QUESTIONS?

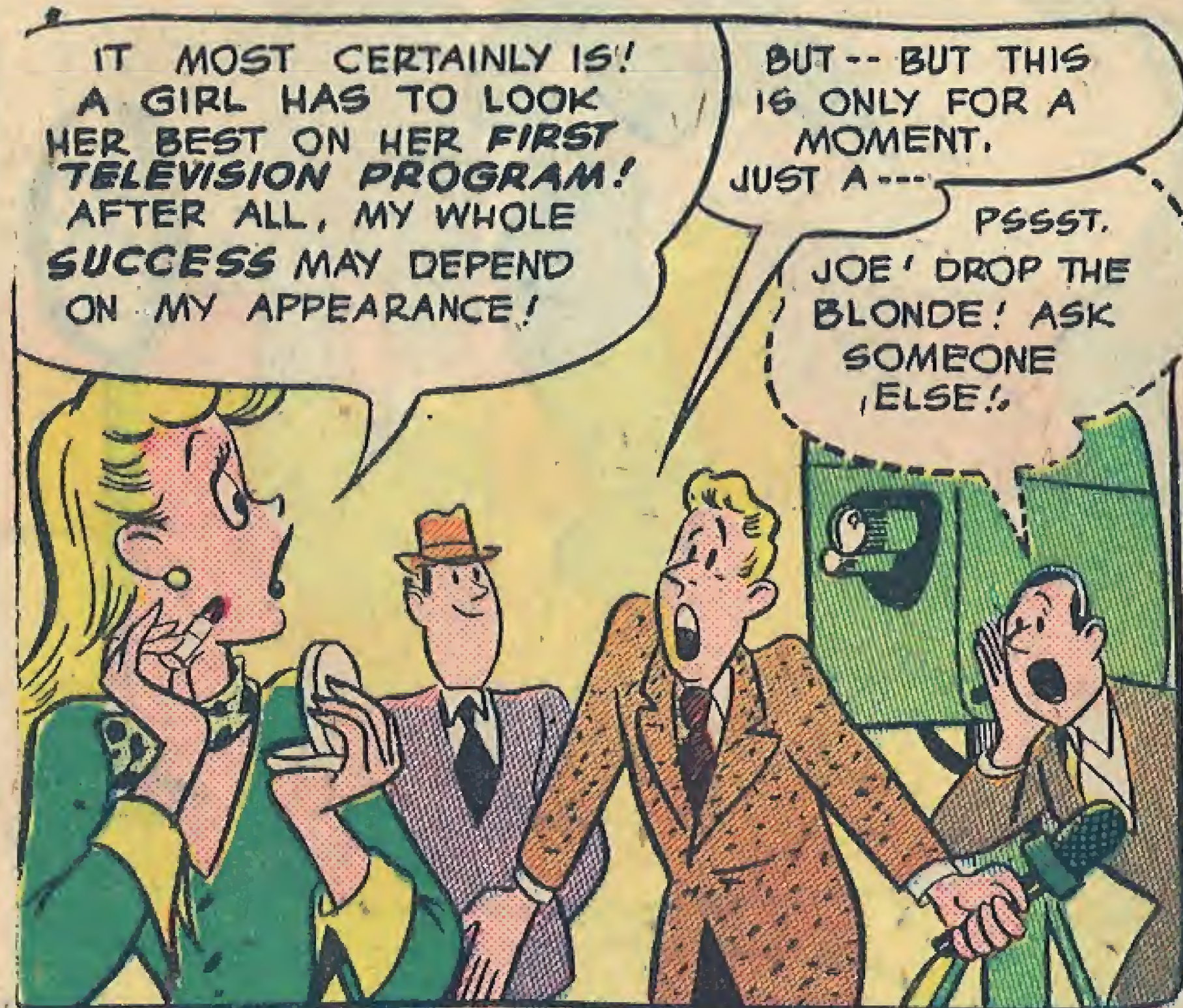
ON **TELEVISION**?
OH, I'D LOVE TO!

FINE! STEP
RIGHT HERE
IN FRONT OF OUR
CAMERAS!



I WONDER IF I'D
LOOK BETTER WITH
MY HAIR UP LIKE
THIS? HM! **NO!** MAYBE
IF I TAKE THE BOW
OFF AND PUT ON MORE
LIPSTICK, I'LL---

MISS, **PLEASE!**
WE'RE WAITING!
THAT ISN'T
NECESSARY,
REALLY!



IT MOST CERTAINLY IS!
A GIRL HAS TO LOOK
HER BEST ON HER **FIRST**
TELEVISION PROGRAM!
AFTER ALL, MY WHOLE
SUCCESS MAY DEPEND
ON MY APPEARANCE!

BUT-- BUT THIS
IS ONLY FOR A
MOMENT.
JUST A---

PSSST.
JOE! DROP THE
BLONDE! ASK
SOMEONE
ELSE!



HOW DO YOU DO, SIR?
THIS IS "YOUR MAN IN THE
STREET" TELECAST! MAY I
ASK YOUR NAME?

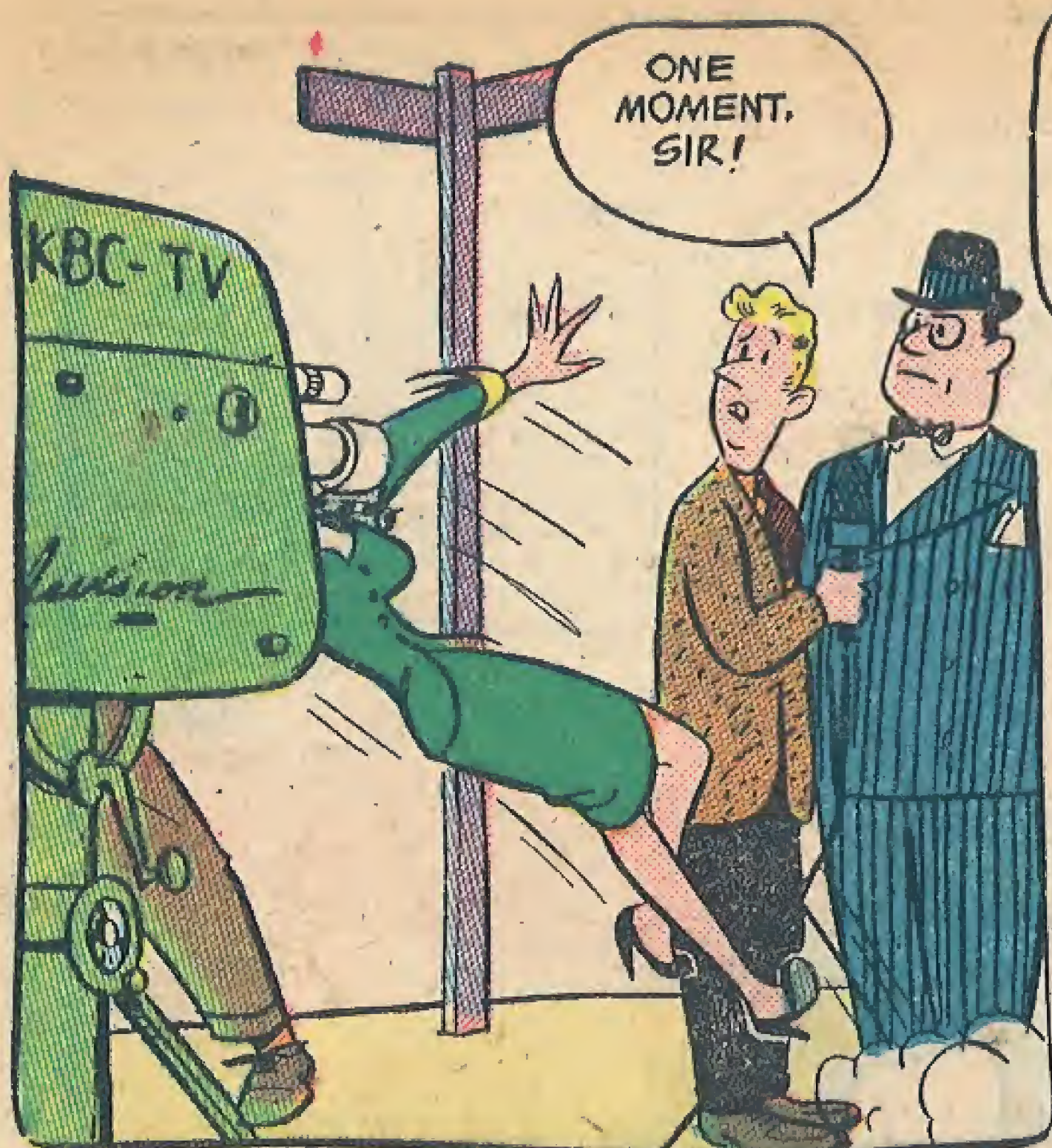


MY NAME IS **MORONICA!**
I'M 19 YEARS OLD, AND I
WENT TO GREENLY
SCHOOL!

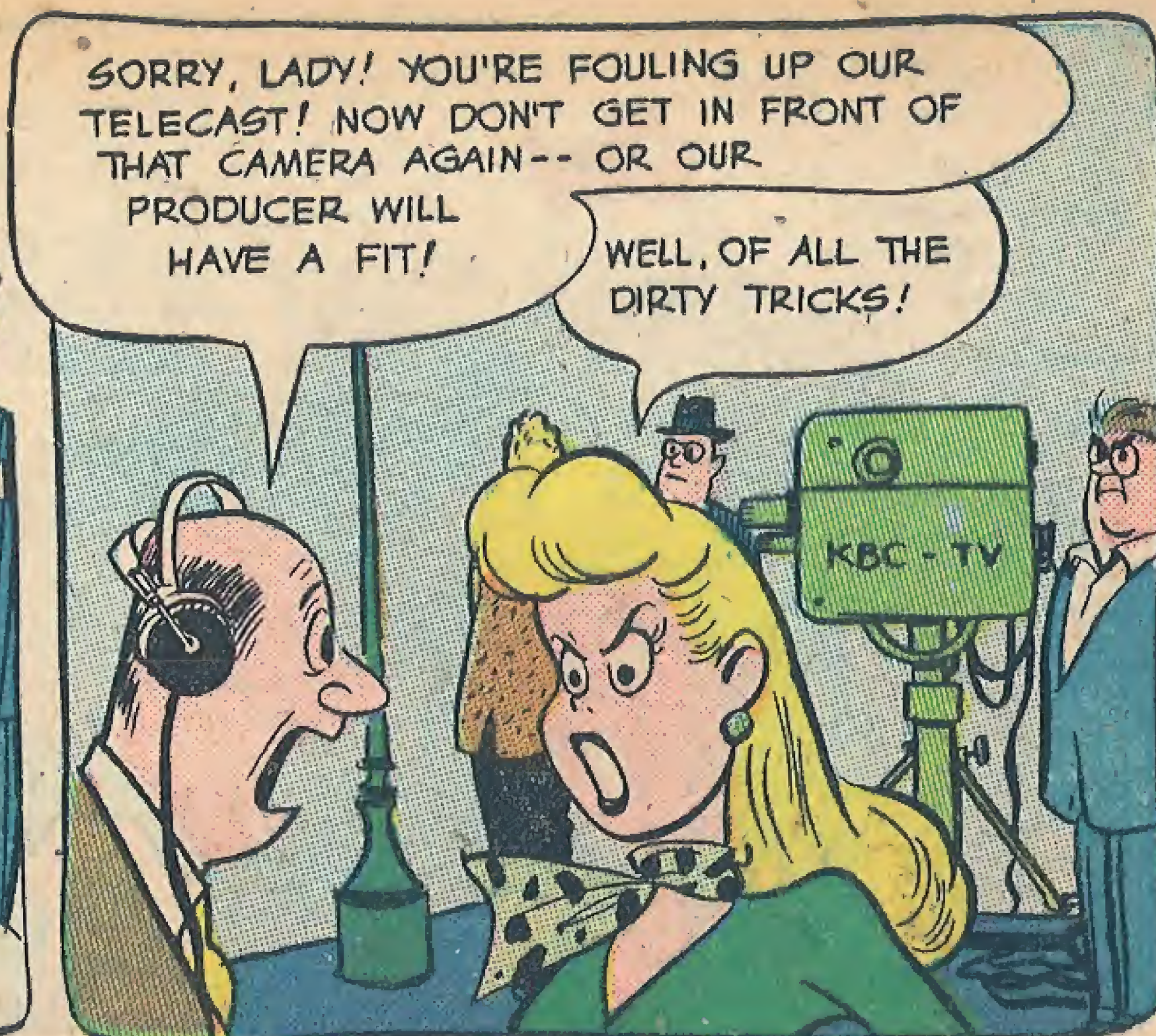


YE GODS! IT'S THAT BLONDE--
AND SHE'S MAKING LIKE ONE OF
THE QUIZ KIDS! GET
HER OUT FROM
IN FRONT OF
OUR CAMERA!

YES, SIR!



ONE
MOMENT,
SIR!



SORRY, LADY! YOU'RE FOULING UP OUR
TELECAST! NOW DON'T GET IN FRONT OF
THAT CAMERA AGAIN-- OR OUR
PRODUCER WILL
HAVE A FIT!

WELL, OF ALL THE
DIRTY TRICKS!



IT'S **YOU** WHO ASKED ME TO BE ON
TELEVISION, YOU **HEEL!** AND **NOW**
YOU CAST ME OFF
LIKE AN **OLD SHOE!**

HUH?

(ULP!)
SHE'S
BACK
AGAIN!



IT'S **WOLVES** LIKE **YOU** THAT
GIRLS HAVE TO BE CAREFUL OF!
"BE ON MY TELEVISION
PROGRAM! I'LL MAKE YOU
A STAR!"--PROMISES!
PROMISES!
THAT'S
ALL!

GOOD GRIEF,
GIRLIE,
HAVE YOU
FLIPPED
YOUR WIG?
ALL I DID
WAS ---



THERE! THAT **PROVES** YOU'RE
A **SNAKE!** (SOB!) CALLING ME
CRAZY IN FRONT OF MILLIONS
OF TELEVIEWERS!
PRETENDING YOU'VE NEVER
SEEN ME BEFORE! (SOB!)

WHAT'S THE
CROWD
GATHERIN' FOR,
FRIEND?

FAR AS I
CAN SEE, SOME
RAT JILTED A POOR
GAL, AND SHE JUST
CAUGHT UP WITH HIM!

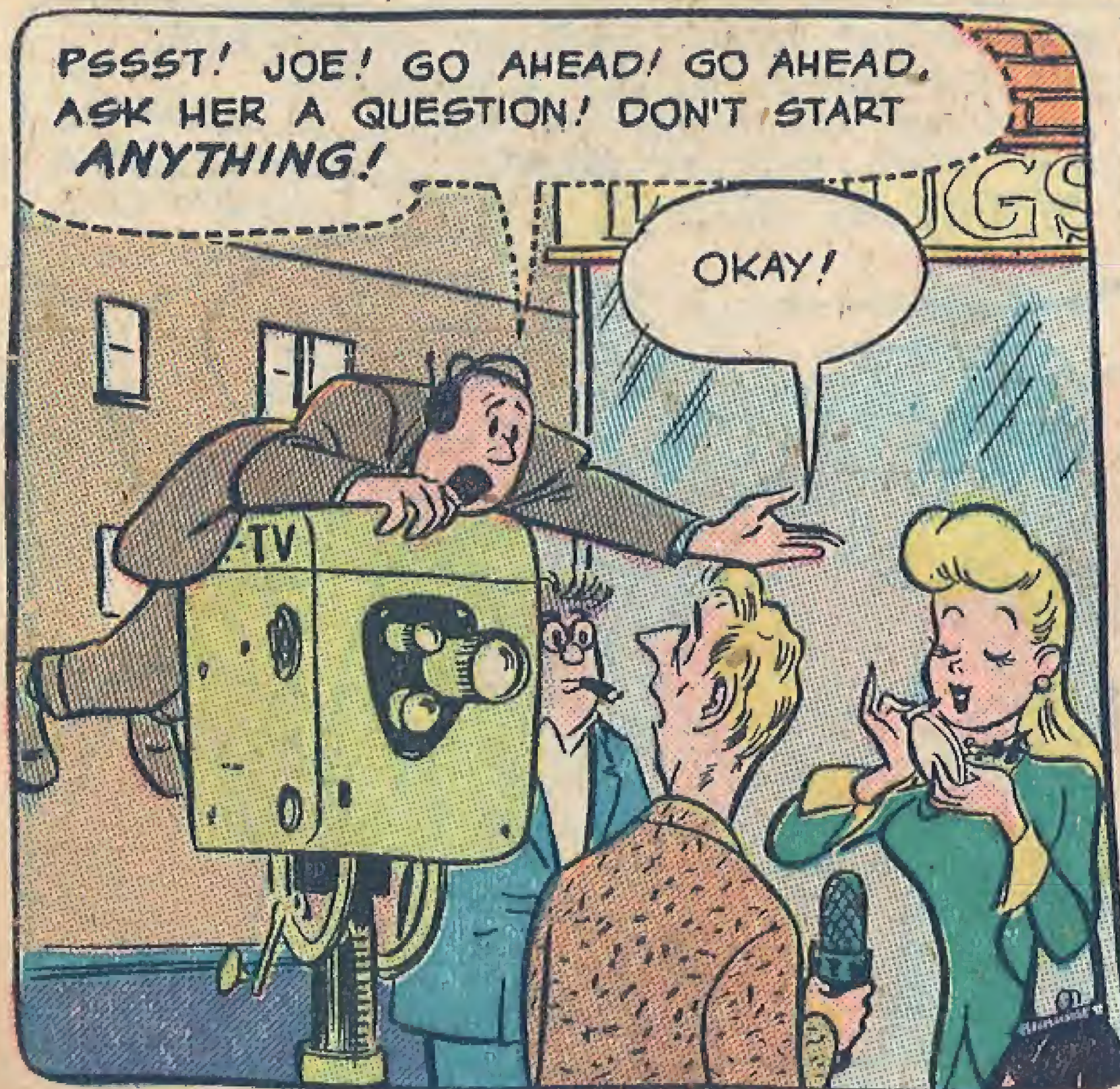
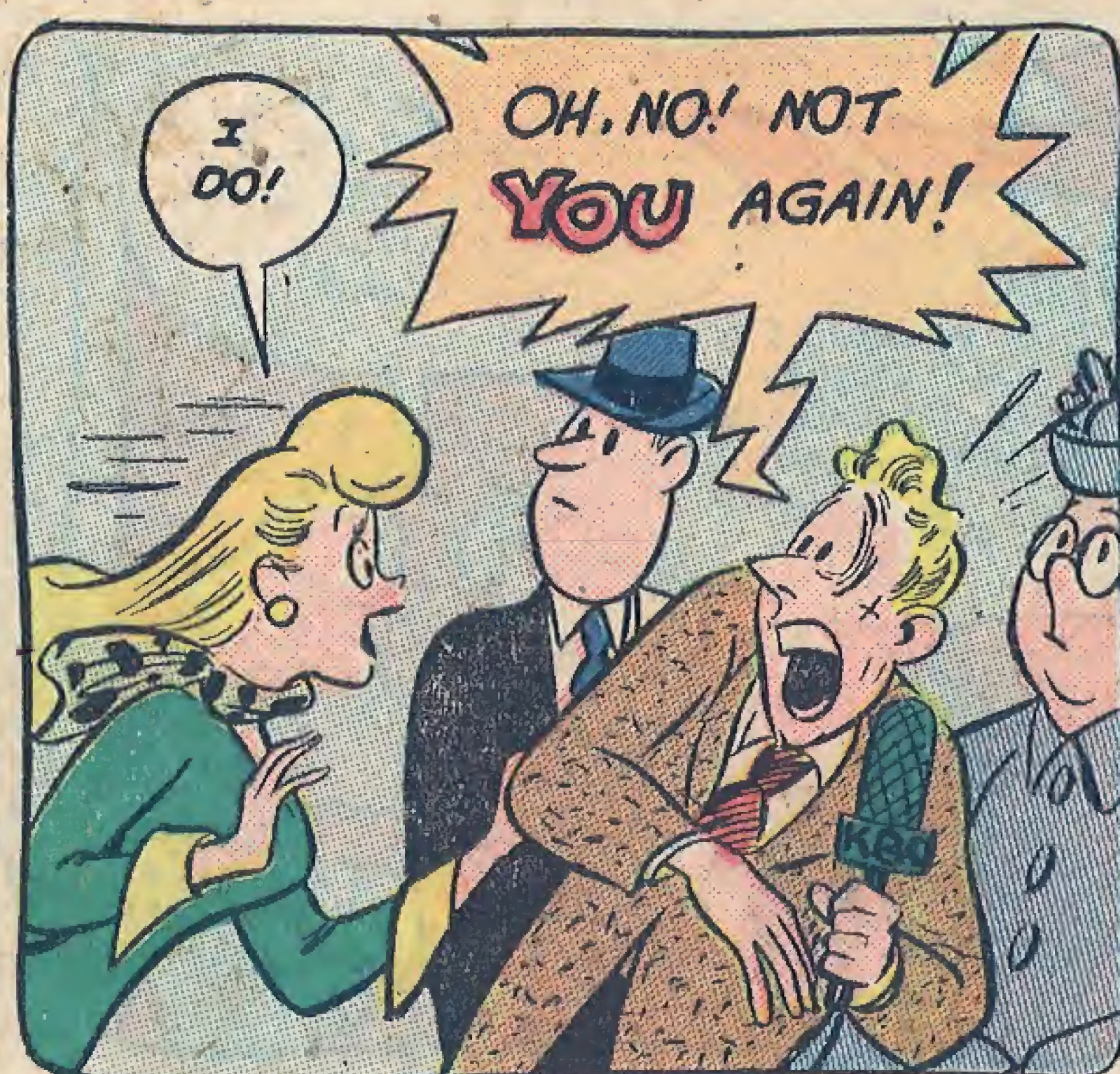
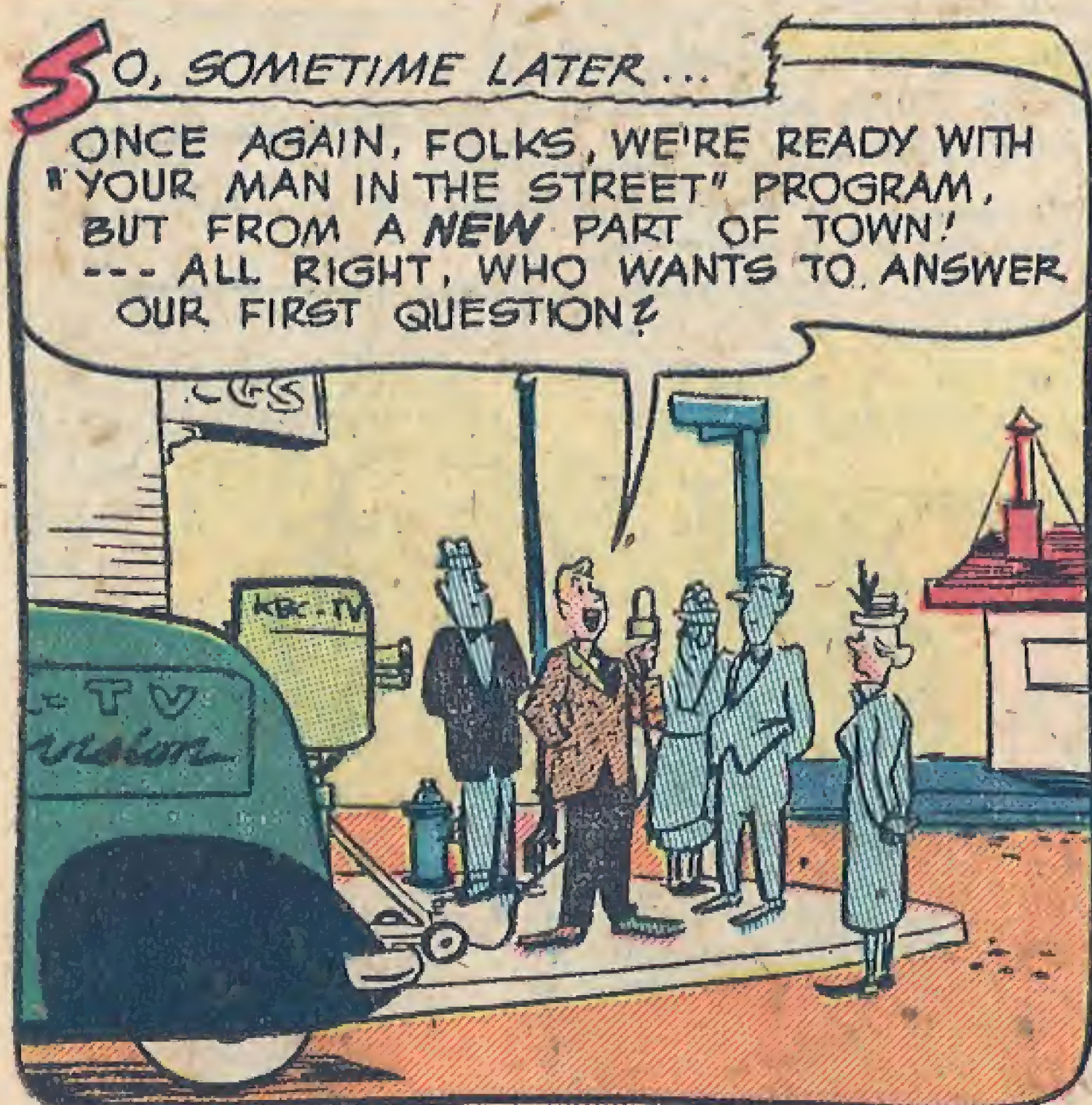


GIRLS OF AMERICA, **BEWARE!**
REMEMBER THIS **FACE!** DON'T LET
HIS OILY TONGUE TRICK YOU
AS IT DID **ME!!!**

HE OUGHT
TO GET A
THRASHING!

I SAY WORK
THE RAT
OVER!

LET HIM
HAVE IT!





YOU THINK IT'S
BEAUTIFUL?
???

CERTAINLY! I
THINK AMERICA'S
TAX STRUCTURE
IS ONE OF THE
PRETTIEST **BUILDINGS**
IN WASHINGTON!



THAT'S ALL, BROTHER!
--- ER --- AH --- I
MEAN, MISS! -- OKAY,
THANK YOU, AND
GOOD BYE,
SWEETHEART!



JUST A SEC!
WHERE'S THE
PRIZE?



WHAT PRIZE?

LOOK! YOU
ASKED ME A
QUESTION, AND I
ANSWERED IT,
DIDN'T I?

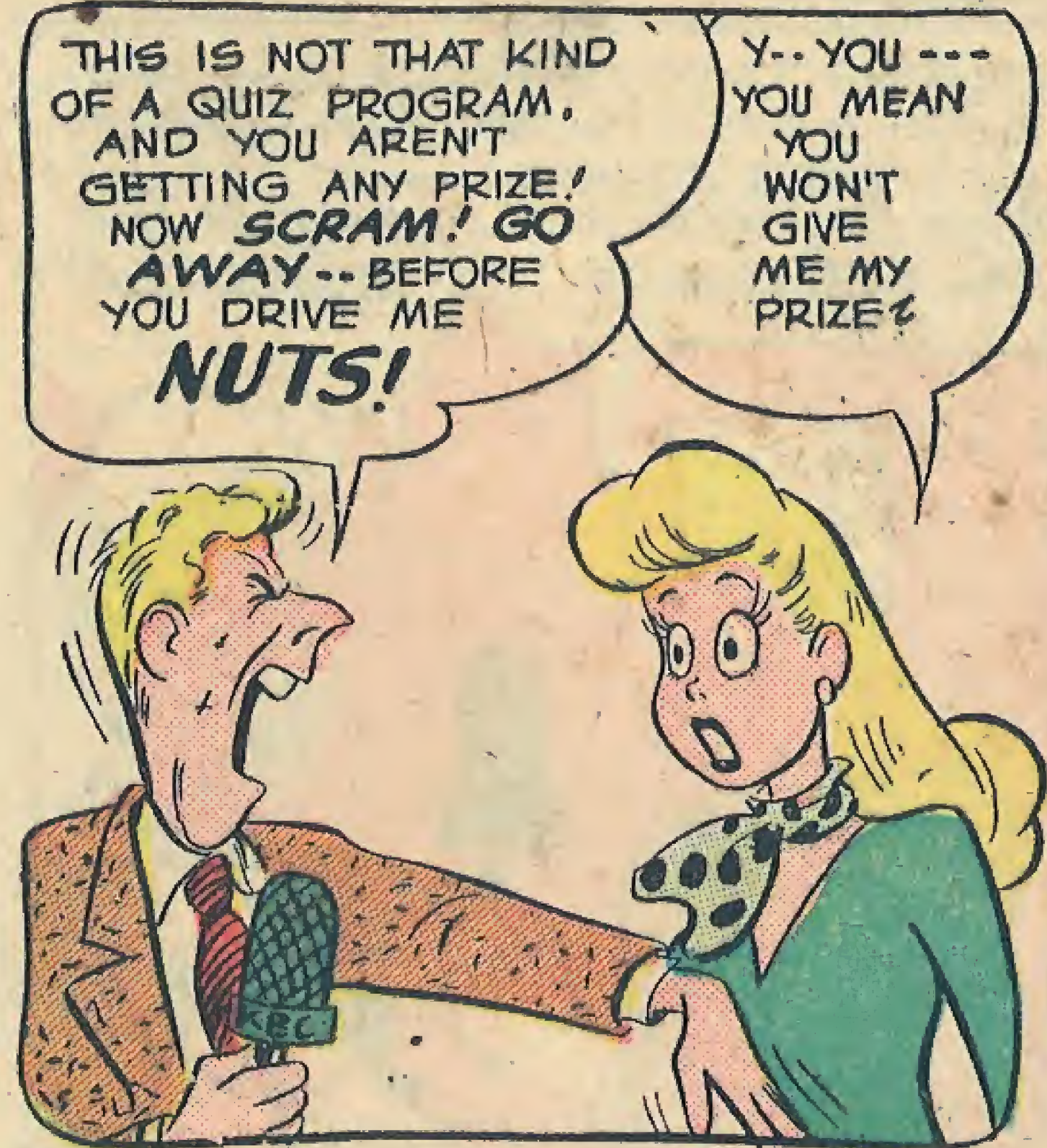
THAT'S
SOMETHING
THE SUPREME
COURT WOULD
HAVE TO DECIDE!
BESIDES, WHAT'S IT
GOT TO DO WITH
A PRIZE?



NOW, LOOKY HERE, **IS** THIS
OR IS THIS NOT A QUIZ
PROGRAM?

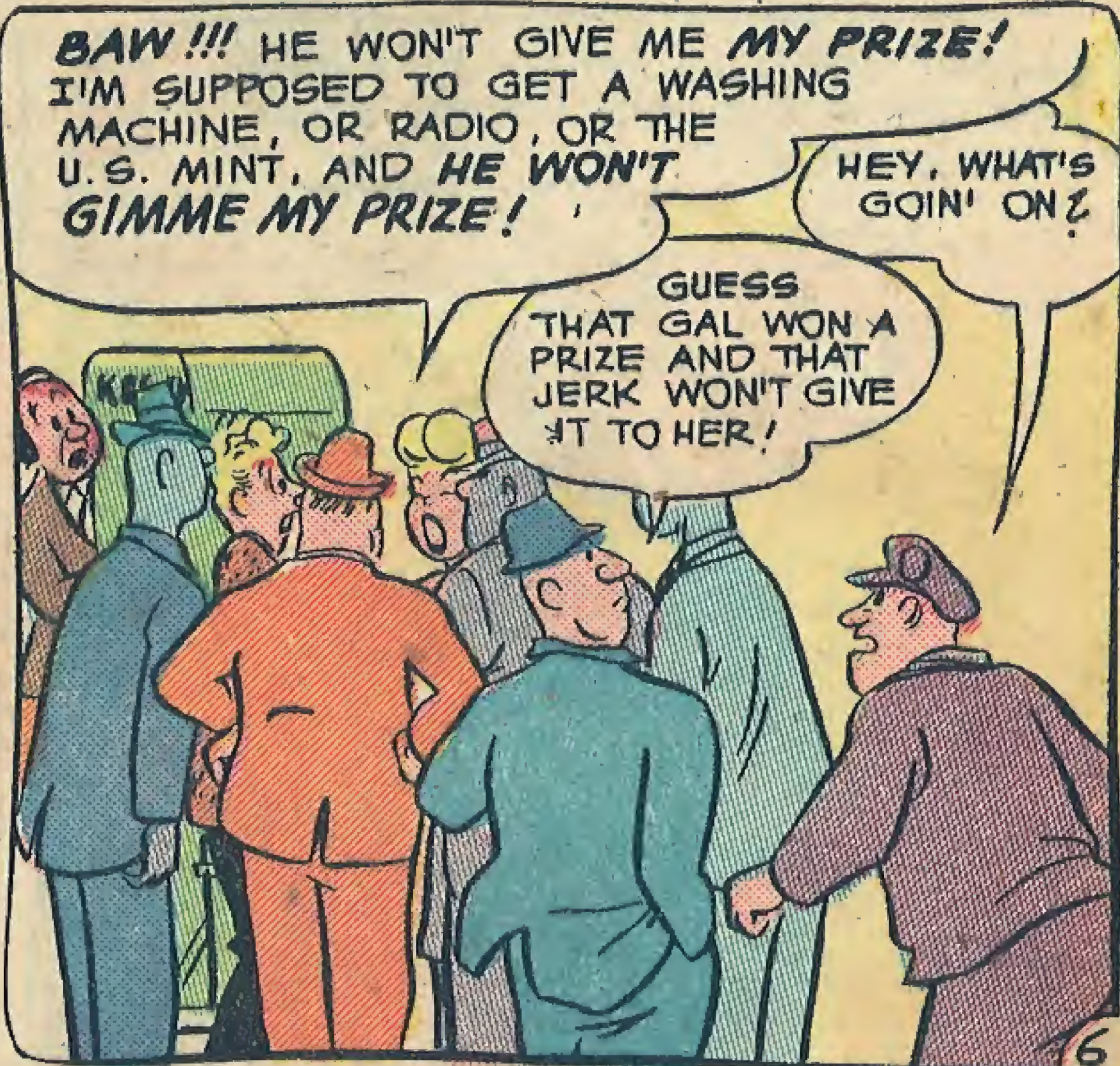
SO WHAT IF IT IS?

WELL, QUIZ PROGRAMS
GIVE PRIZES WHEN YOU
ANSWER A QUESTION--
SO GIMME MINE!!!



THIS IS NOT THAT KIND
OF A QUIZ PROGRAM,
AND YOU AREN'T
GETTING ANY PRIZE!
NOW **SCRAM! GO
AWAY--** BEFORE
YOU DRIVE ME
NUTS!

Y.. YOU ---
YOU MEAN
YOU
WON'T
GIVE
ME MY
PRIZE?



BAW!!! HE WON'T GIVE ME **MY PRIZE!**
I'M SUPPOSED TO GET A WASHING
MACHINE, OR RADIO, OR THE
U.S. MINT, AND **HE WON'T
GIMME MY PRIZE!**

HEY, WHAT'S
GOIN' ON?

GUESS
THAT GAL WON A
PRIZE AND THAT
JERK WON'T GIVE
IT TO HER!

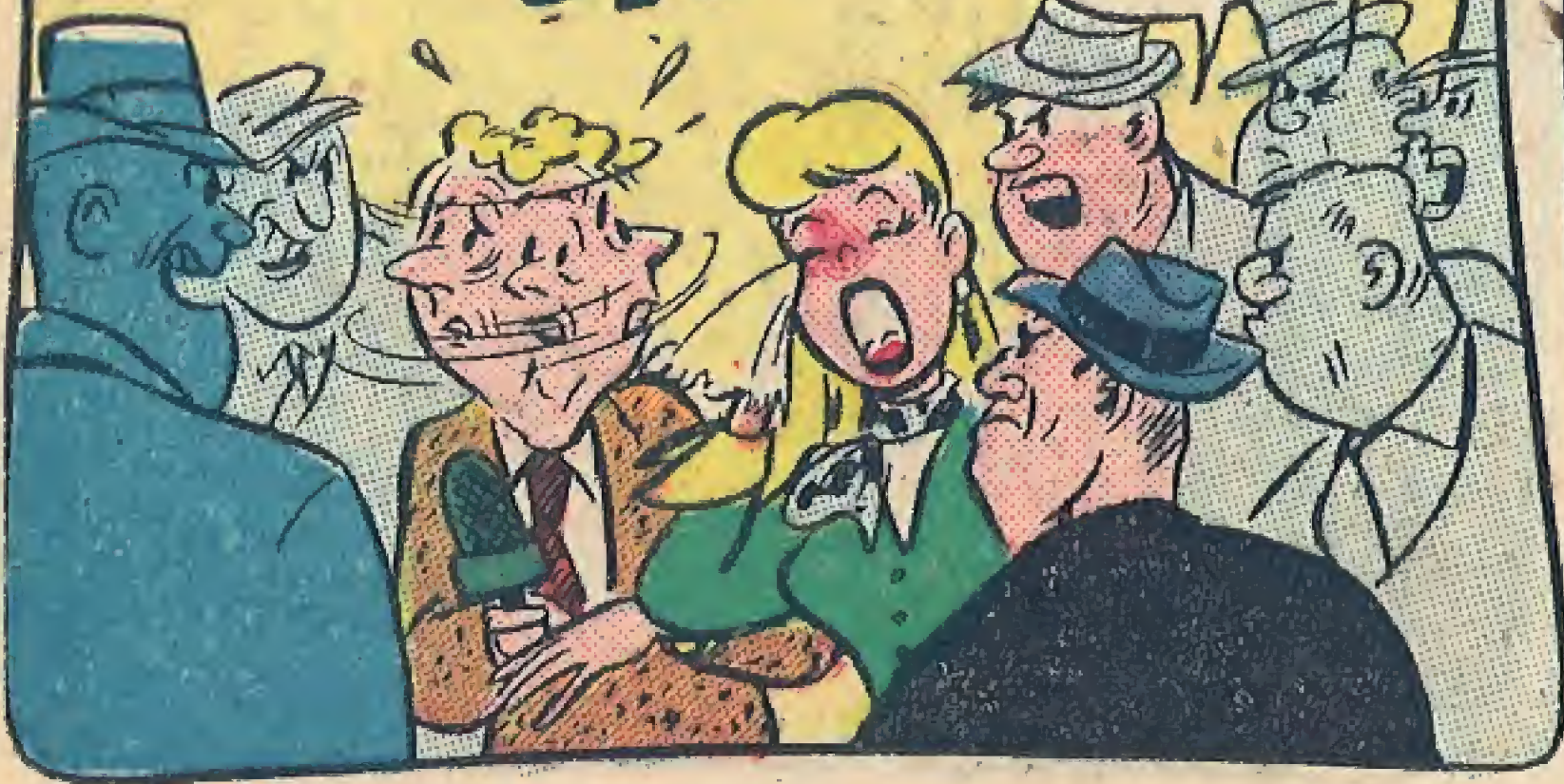
C'MON!
GIVE THE
GAL HER
PRIZE!

WHAT Y' RUNNIN' ---
A RACKET?

GUYS
LIKE YOU
NEED A
PUNCH IN
THE NOSE!

BAW!

RAT!



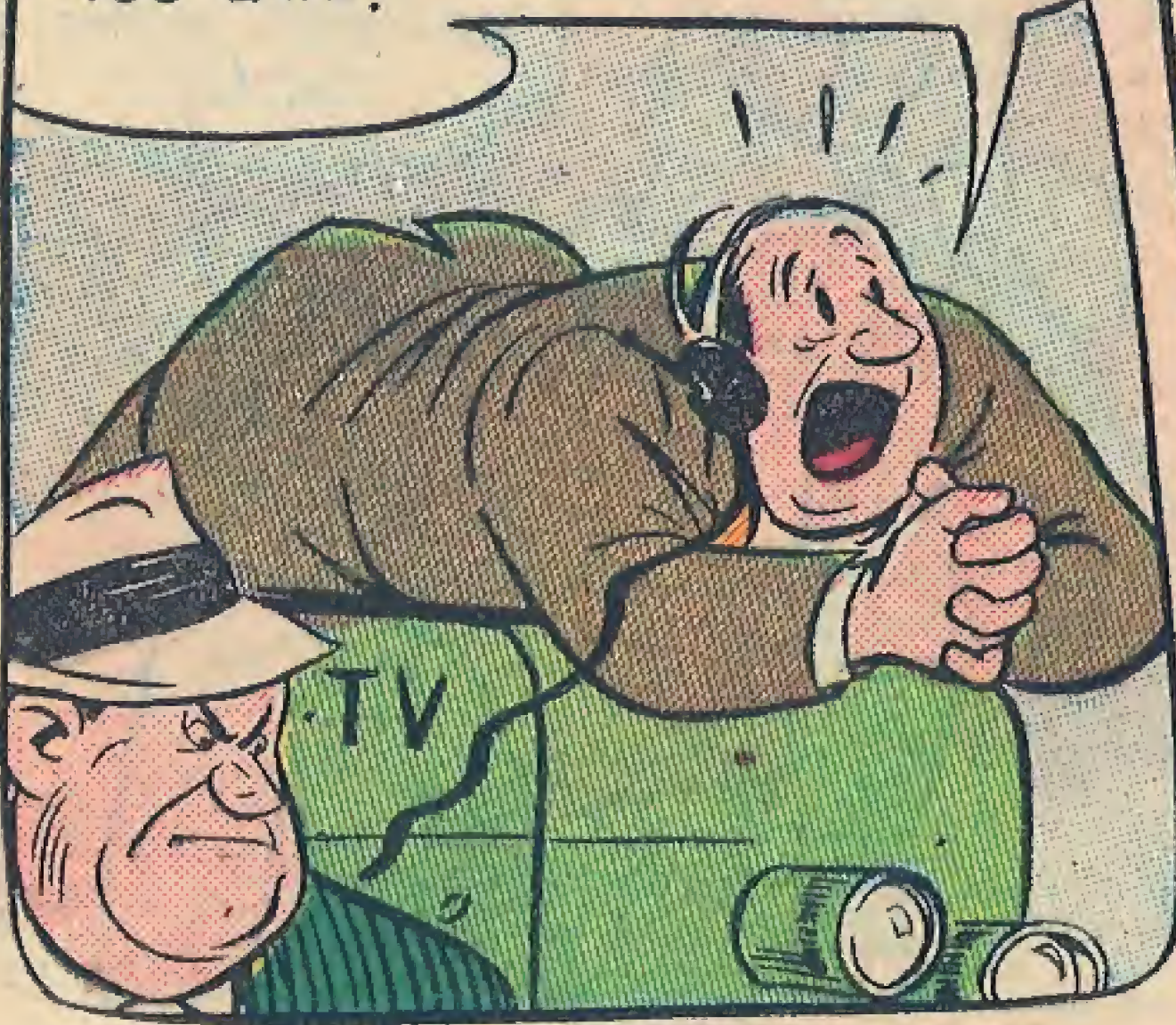
WHAT'RE WE
WAITIN' FOR?
LET'S WORK
THESE PHONEYS
OVER!!!

YE GODS, JOE! GIVE
HER A PRIZE, PLEASE!
GIVE HER A PRIZE
BEFORE IT
HAPPENS
AGAIN!

I
HAVEN'T
GOT
ANY
PRIZE!

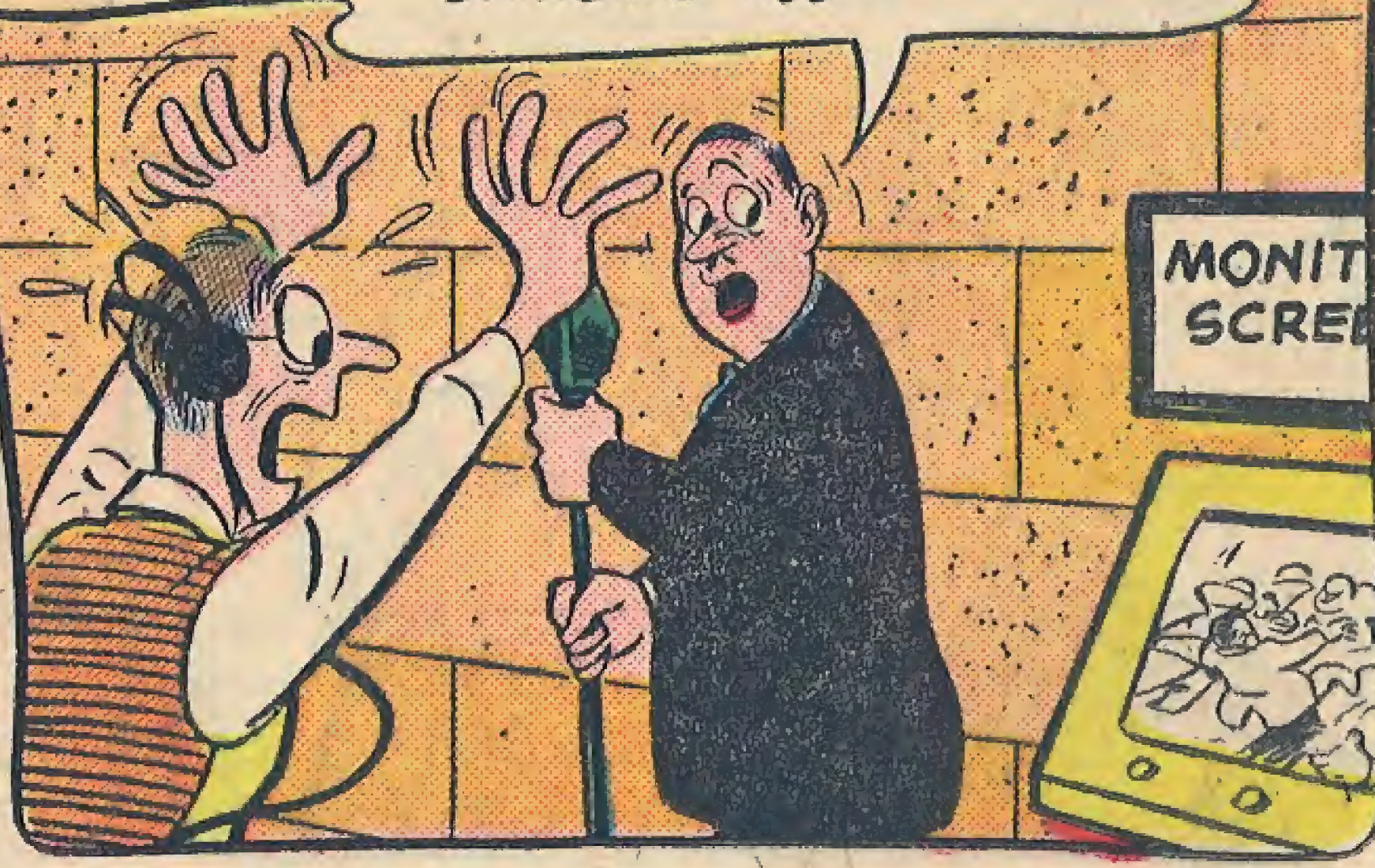


WELL, GO BUY HER A BOX OF
CRACKER-JACKS! IT'S GOT A
PRIZE IN IT! DO SOMETHING!
ANYTHING! BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE!

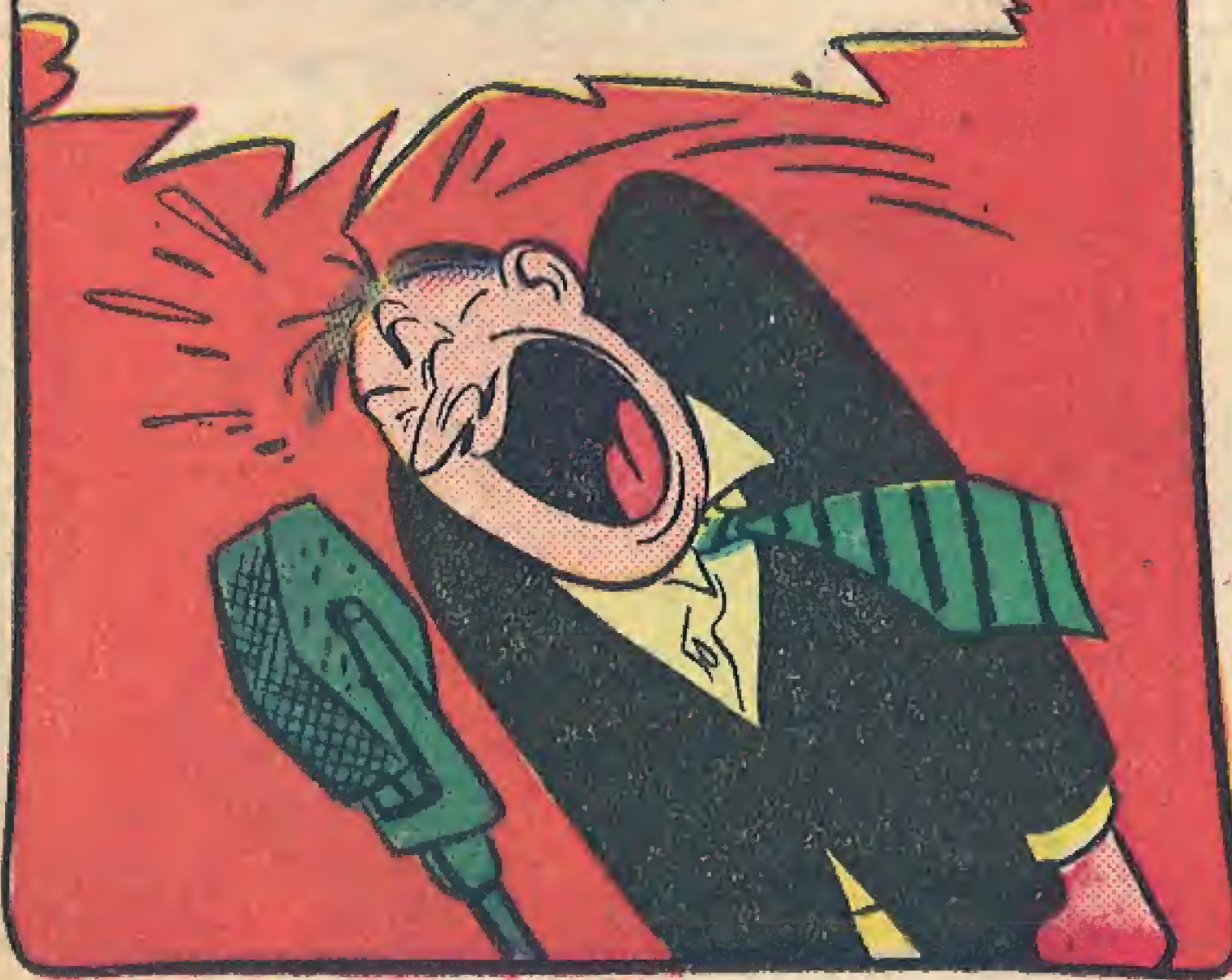


MEANWHILE, ONCE AGAIN, BACK AT THE MAIN
STUDIO ---

WELL, FOLKS, AS YOU'VE
NOTICED -- WE'VE GOT OUR TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES
STRAIGHTENED OUT AND WE'RE FINALLY
BRINGING YOU ---

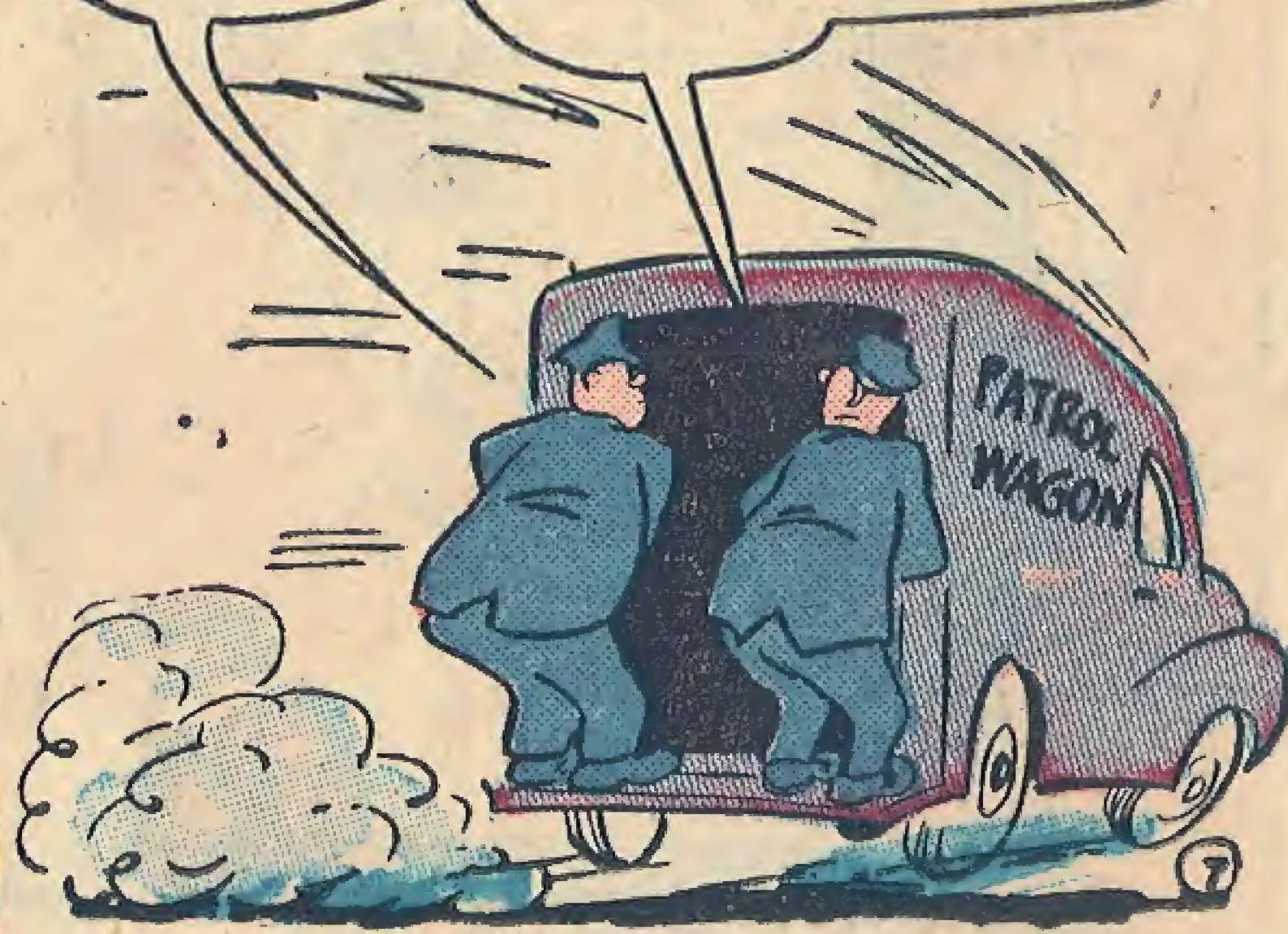


-- THE SECOND HALF OF THE
ARMY-NOTRE DAME GAME!
-- AND IF ANYBODY CALLS AND
ASKS ME THE SCORE -- THEY'LL
GET A FAST SHOT
IN THE HEAD!



YE SAY
WE'RE ON
OUR WAY TO
ANOTHER
RIOT,
O'RILEY?

RIGHT, FLANAGAN! BUT
THANK GOODNESS THAT
NIT-WIT MORONICA CAN'T
HAVE ANYTHING TO DO
WITH THIS ONE! IT'S
ON THE **NORTH**
END OF TOWN!

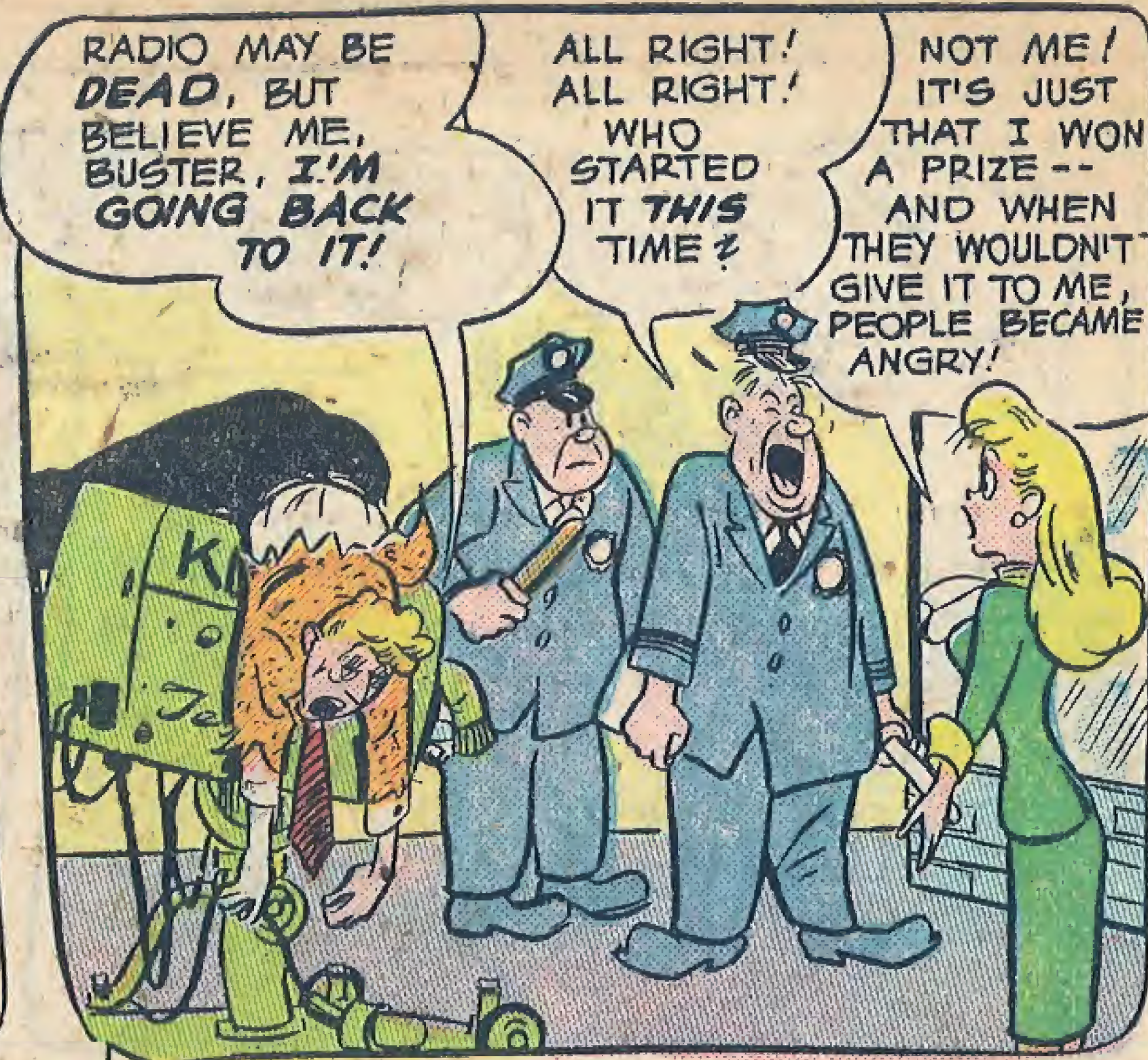




SAINTS SAVE
US, O'RILEY!
LOOK!

OH, NO! IT'S THAT
TELEVISION OUTFIT --
AND MORONICA!

PAT
WAG



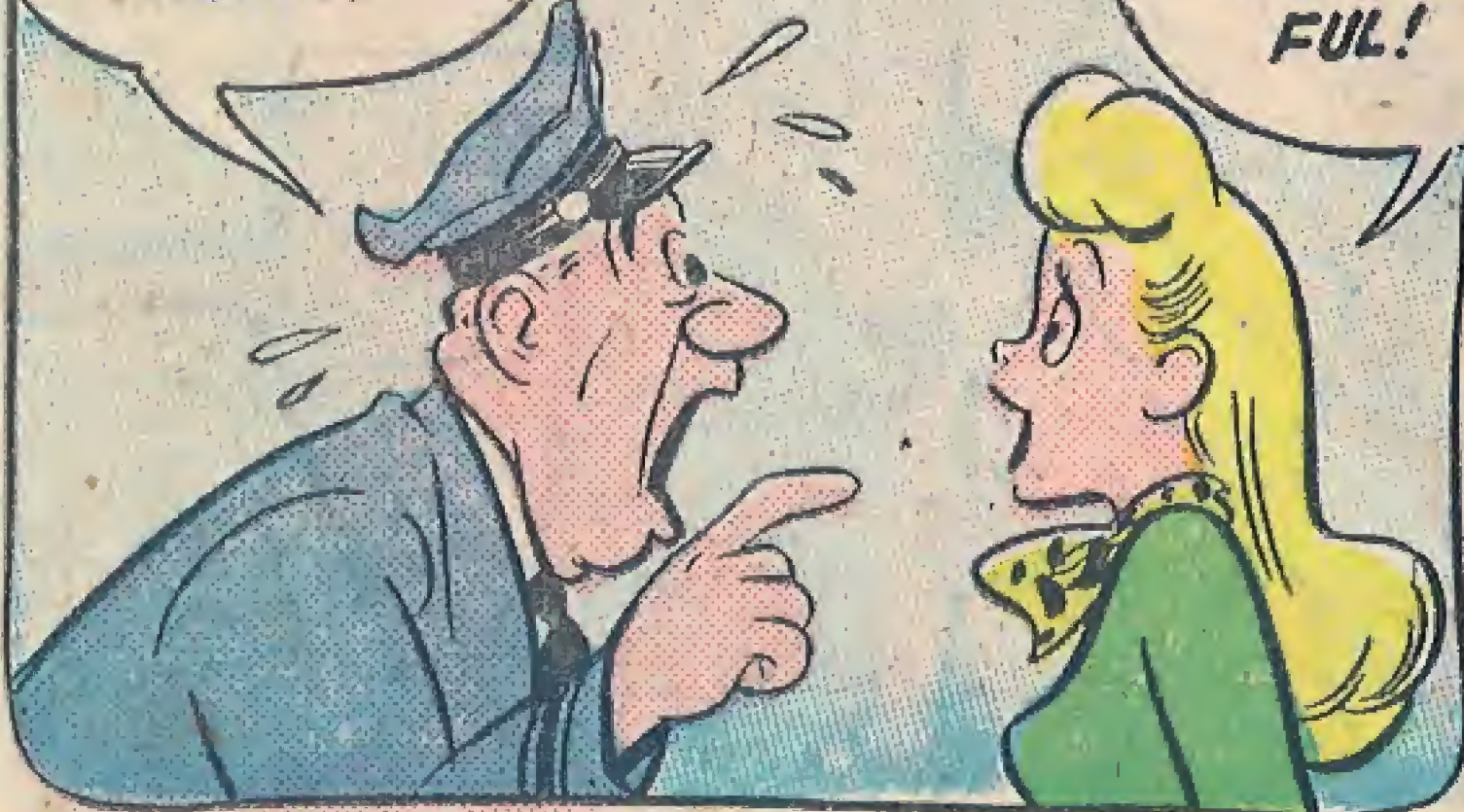
RADIO MAY BE
DEAD, BUT
BELIEVE ME,
BUSTER, I'M
GOING BACK
TO IT!

ALL RIGHT!
ALL RIGHT!
WHO
STARTED
IT **THIS**
TIME?

NOT ME!
IT'S JUST
THAT I WON
A PRIZE --
AND WHEN
THEY WOULDN'T
GIVE IT TO ME,
PEOPLE BECAME
ANGRY!

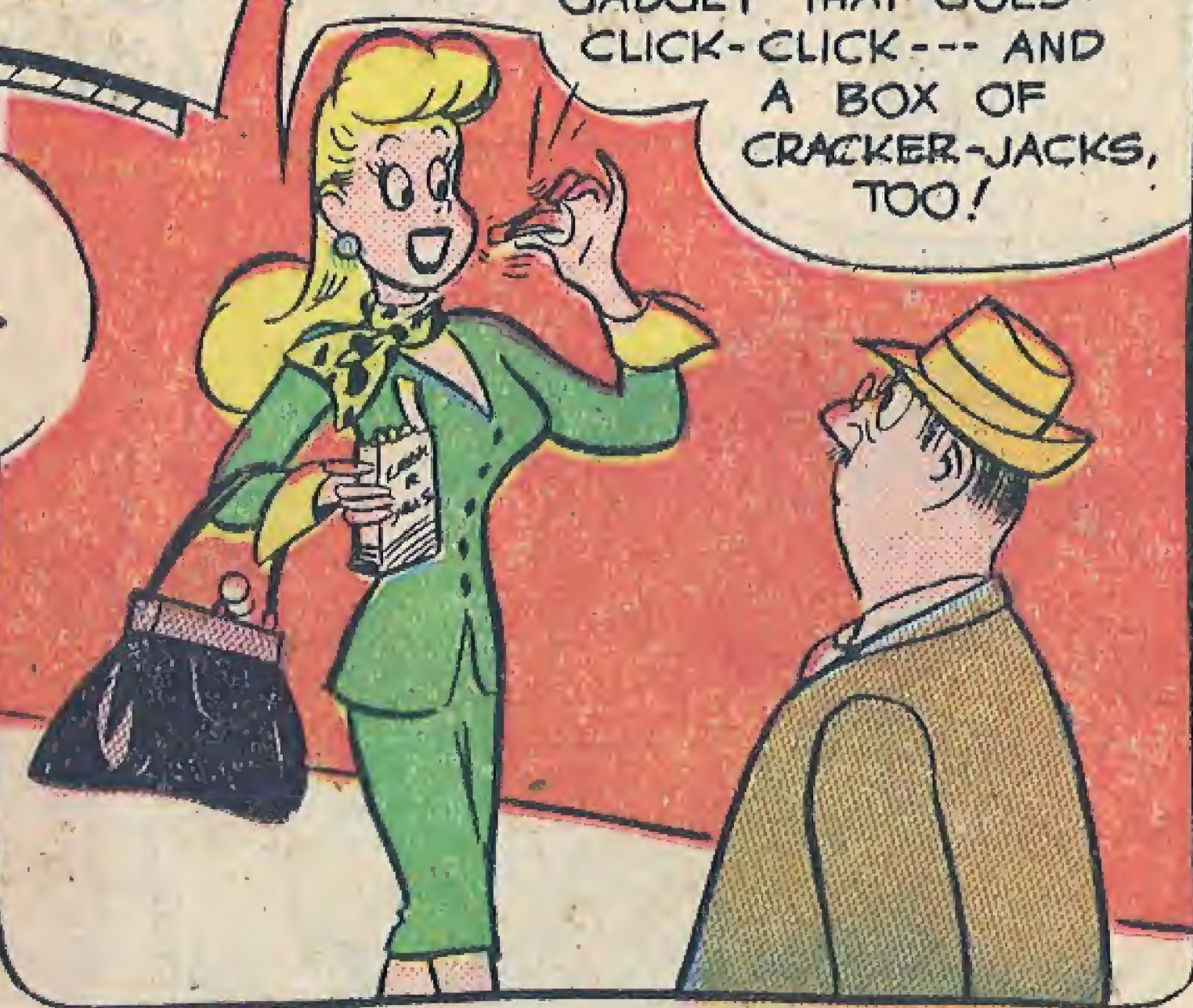
FIRST YOU WANTED TO BE ON
TELEVISION! OKAY, YOU'VE **BEEN ON!**
NOW YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT A PRIZE
COMING -- RIGHT? OKAY, I'LL **GIVE**
YOU A PRIZE -- IF YOU'LL PROMISE
NEVER TO COME
NEAR THESE
TELEVISION
PEOPLE
AGAIN!

OOO!
HOW
WONDER-
FUL!



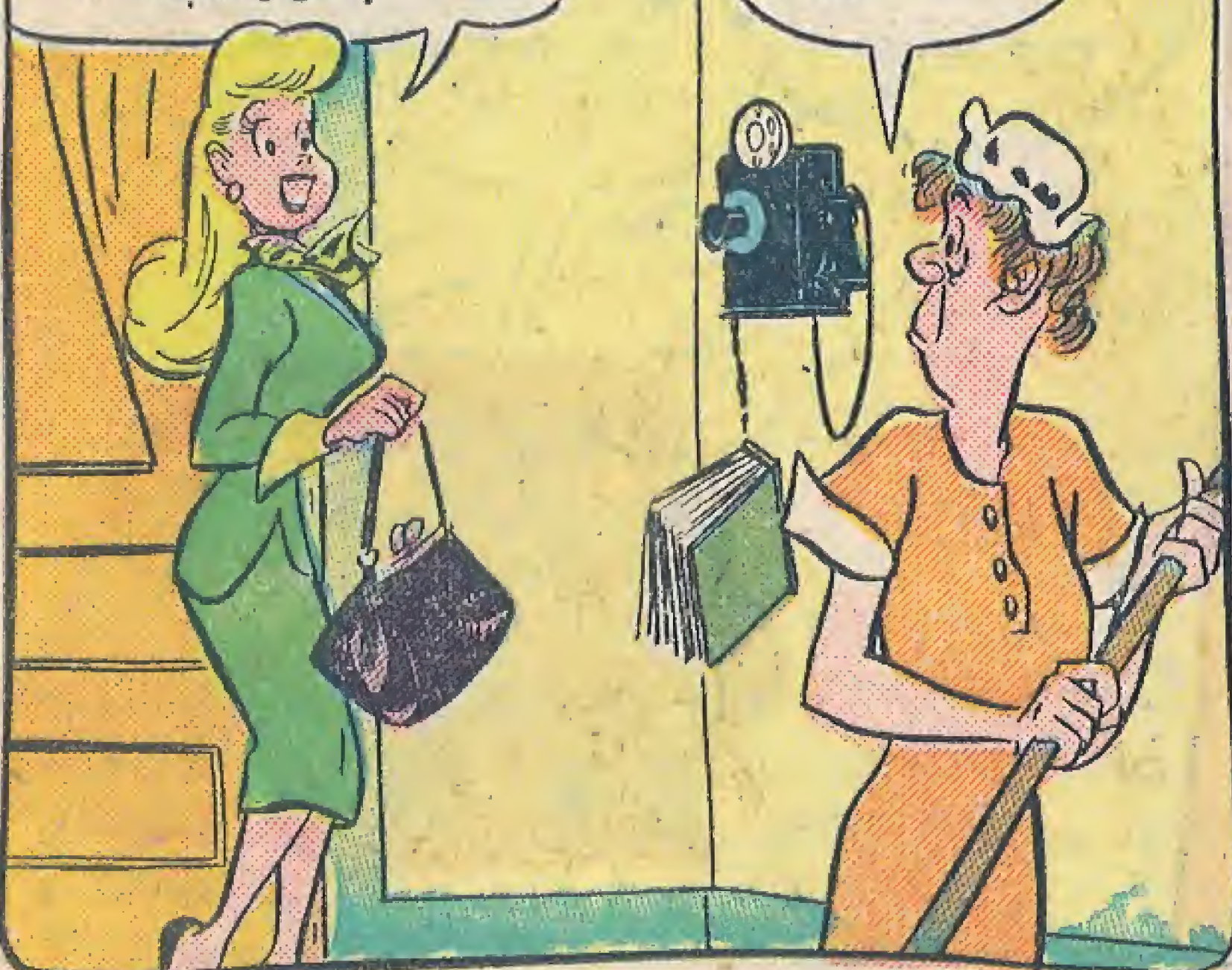
And
so...

**GOLLY, WHAT A SIMPLY PEACHY
PRIZE!** A CUTE LITTLE
GADGET THAT GOES
CLICK-CLICK --- AND
A BOX OF
CRACKER-JACKS,
TOO!

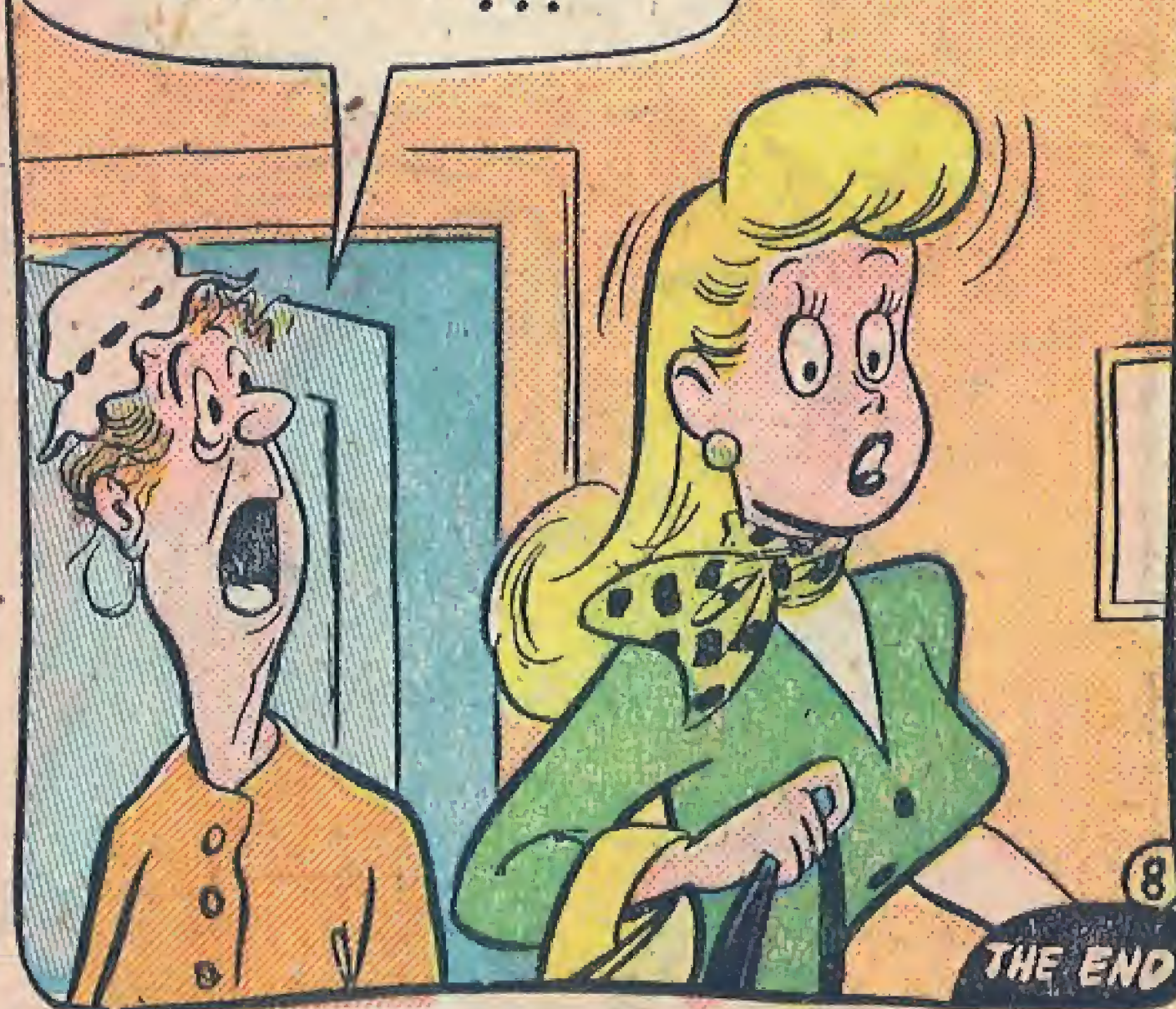


OH, HELLO, MRS. MCCARTHY!
DID YOU SEE ME ON
TELEVISION THIS
AFTERNOON?

WHY, YES
I DID --
BUT TELL
ME ---



**WHOSE TEAM WERE
YOU ON -- NOTRE
DAME'S OR
ARMY'S ???**



Love Dizzy!

“

GOSH,” SIGHED BILLIE, sinking into a chair and flipping her high-heeled pumps off into the air, “my feet are killing me! Standing on them all day at the store, the way I do...”

“What do you mean, the way you do?” Billie’s roommate, Heather, eyed her questioningly. “You don’t *have* to stand, you know! You can sit down once in a while, can’t you?”

“Sure, but who *wants* to?” Billie demanded, massaging her right foot. “If I sit down, I won’t be able to see *him* as often as I do! Gosh!” She sighed again, this time a sigh of pure bliss.

“See *him*? Who?”

“Mr. Crane. The floor manager. Honestly, Heather, he’s *beautiful*! So tall, so handsome, so handsome, so handsome...”

“You keep saying that. I get the idea!” Heather objected. “All right, so he’s handsome!”

“You *don’t* get the idea,” Billie reproved her coldly. “Mr. Crane is not just plain handsome! He’s so handsome! Heather, I have a confession to make. I am secretly in love with Mr. Crane!”

“That’s no secret,” Heather took the news calmly. “You’ve been screaming about him ever since you went to work at the department store!”

“It is a secret, because he doesn’t know it...yet! Heather, that man never gives me a tumble! He doesn’t know whether I’m in dry goods or hosiery! I’m just another employee to him!”

“Well, that’s all you *are*, honey!” Heather was a realistic type. “If you want this dream boy to notice you, you’ve got to do something worth noticing! You know, to attract his *special* attention!”

“Hmmm, I think I know what you mean, Heather!” Billie was thoughtful.

She was thoughtful all that evening and went to bed still thinking. Which was quite a strain on Billie! But when she awoke in the morning, she was her old self again. Not a single thought to worry her!

“Heather, I’ve got it all figured out. Today Mr. Crane is going to notice me!”

“Oh-oh!” Heather looked worried. “Don’t do anything rash or hasty, Billie! Look before you leap, think twice and then don’t do it!”

Billie simply smiled, downed a hearty breakfast and went blithely off to work, feeling that this was her day for romance. All morning, she kept a lookout for Mr. Crane. To her irritation, he seemed to have a good deal to do in the millinery department at the other end of the floor.

But finally, Billie saw the tall, familiar figure in the dark blue suit approaching. “Here I go!” she said. Zip! Off came her skirt and blouse and there stood Billie, revealed in the cutest little sport shorts and halter top, all in shocking pink!

“Billie, you *can’t*!” gasped Miss Daly. “Quick, put your skirt and blouse on before he sees you!”

“If I do, he *won’t* see me! That’s the trouble!” Billie explained kindly. Then, lifting her voice, she called, “Mr. Crane! Could you step over here for a minute! There’s been a mistake on a delivery and...”

Mr. Crane stood glued to the floor, his eyes fixed on Billie’s pink shorts and halter.

“Young lady, what’s your name?” he asked.

“Billie. Billie Marshall.” She was pleased that at last he’d gotten around to asking her name!

“Miss Marshall,” said Mr. Crane firmly, “you will kindly put on some-

thing more...er...suitable! I'll be back in a few moments and we can discuss... whatever it is you wanted to discuss!"

Billie was radiant as she hastened into her skirt and blouse. He not only knew her name, but he was actually coming back to talk to her! Of course, she'd just made that up, that business about the error, but what difference would that make to a couple in love?

Mr. Crane, who had disappeared in the direction of the millinery department, came back in a half-hour. "Miss Marshall?" he asked, not certain that this was the girl in the shocking pink outfit.

"Why don't you call me *Billie*?" she asked.

"Why don't we discuss that error?" Mr. Crane countered.

"Because...because...there's something more *important*!" Billie said, blushing.

"What are you talking about?" Mr. Crane stared at her as though he could believe neither his eyes nor his ears.

"I'm talking about *us*!" Billie said reproachfully. "Now that you've asked me my name, I *know* you're interested in me! And I've been interested in you for *ever* so long! So why are we wasting time?"

Here, Billie threw herself into Mr. Crane's unwilling arms, twining her own arms about his neck and looking up at him meltingly. "We'll be so happy, you and I," she said, recalling a tender line from a movie she'd seen recently.

"Go...go *away*!" Mr. Crane was quite red in the face as he tried to unwind Billie's arms from about his neck.

"Darling, you don't have to pretend...not with *me*!" Another line from a movie Billie had seen.

"See here, young lady, I am *not* pre-

tending. I happen to be engaged to be married, very happily engaged. You may know my fiancée...Miss Roberts, in the millinery department! And furthermore, allow me to say that your conduct is most unbecoming and unwarranted in a place of business. In fact, Miss Marshall...*you are fired!*"

Later that evening, Billie told the entire story to Heather, who listened in open-mouthed horror of her roommate's behaviour. "You mean you actually wore shorts and a halter...the pink ones?" she asked. "And you threw yourself into his arms?" Heather was plainly shocked. "No wonder you were fired! Honestly, Billie, sometimes I wonder whether you're...all there!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Heather. After all, it was *you* who told me to make him *notice* me! But don't worry, I forgive you. I'm not mad, because I've got another job already. In a great big office! And the salary's better than it was in the store!"

"Oh," Heather was relieved. "That's fine. When do you start?"

"Tomorrow morning. That reminds me, I've got to go out and see if I can find another shorts-and-halter set...in electric blue maybe...or bright red...something startling..."

"*Why?*" Heather almost screamed. "Why do you need anything like *that*?"

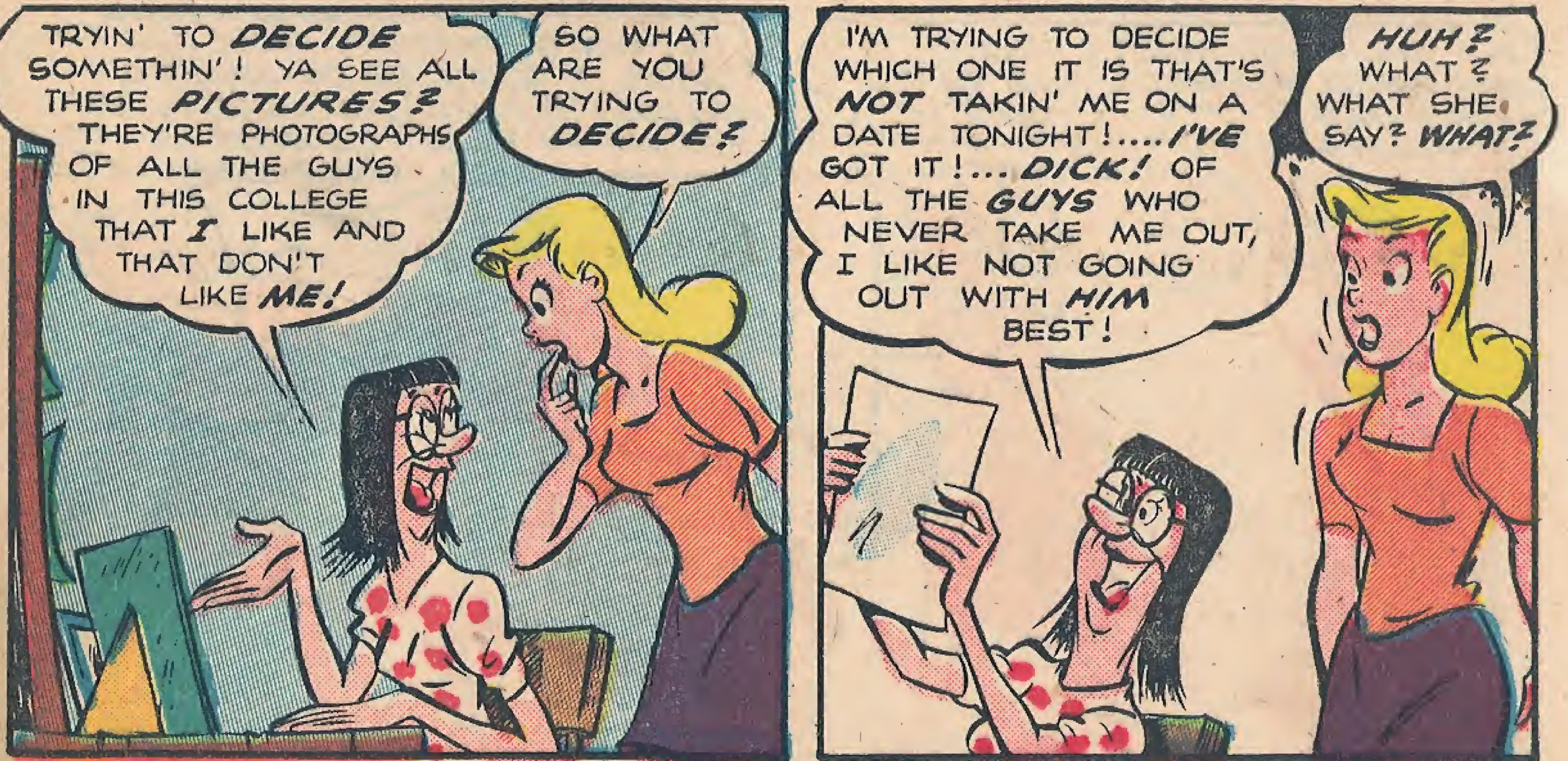
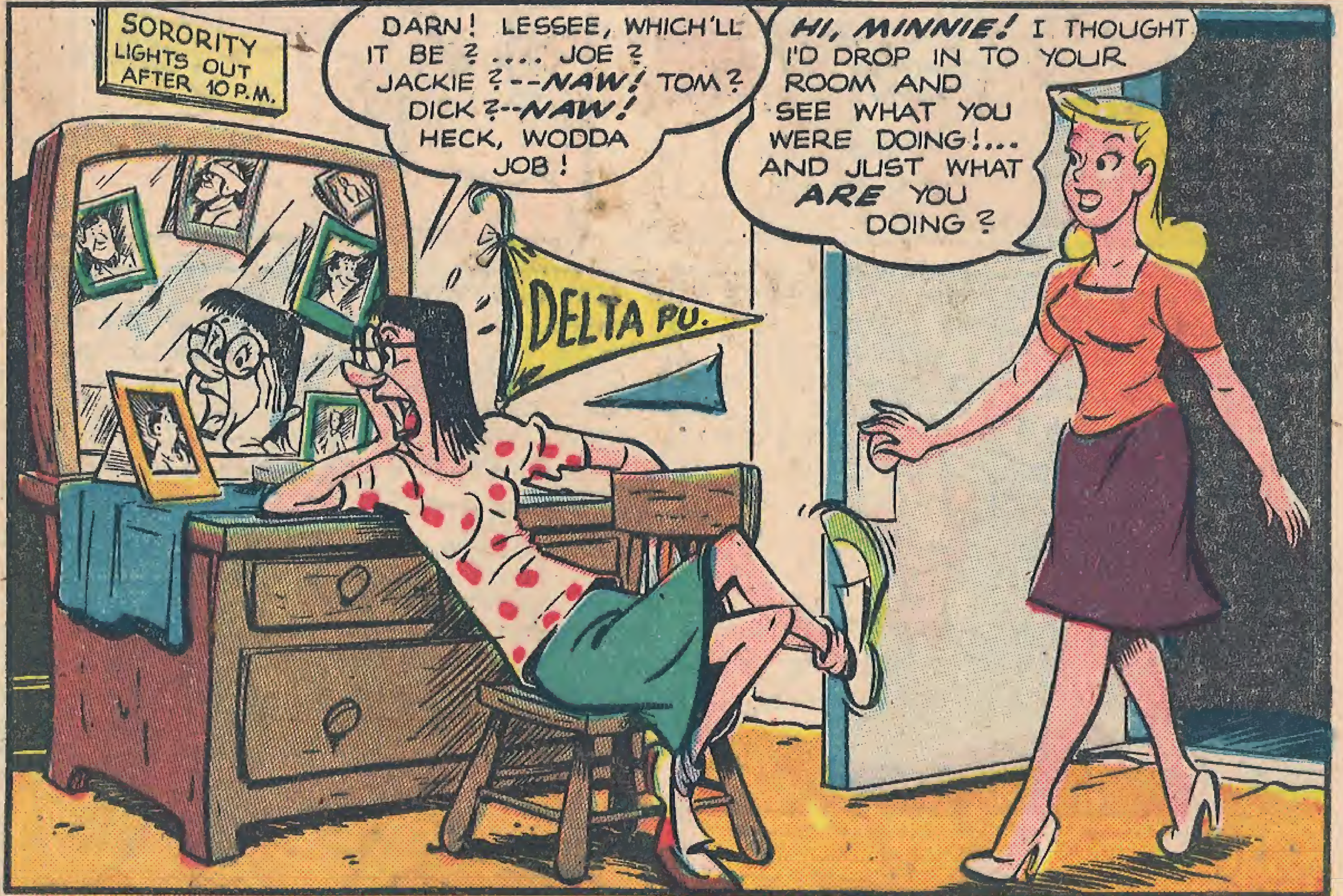
"Didn't I tell you?" Billie smiled rapturously. "The office manager in the place where I'm going to work...he's *very* handsome...*very* handsome..."

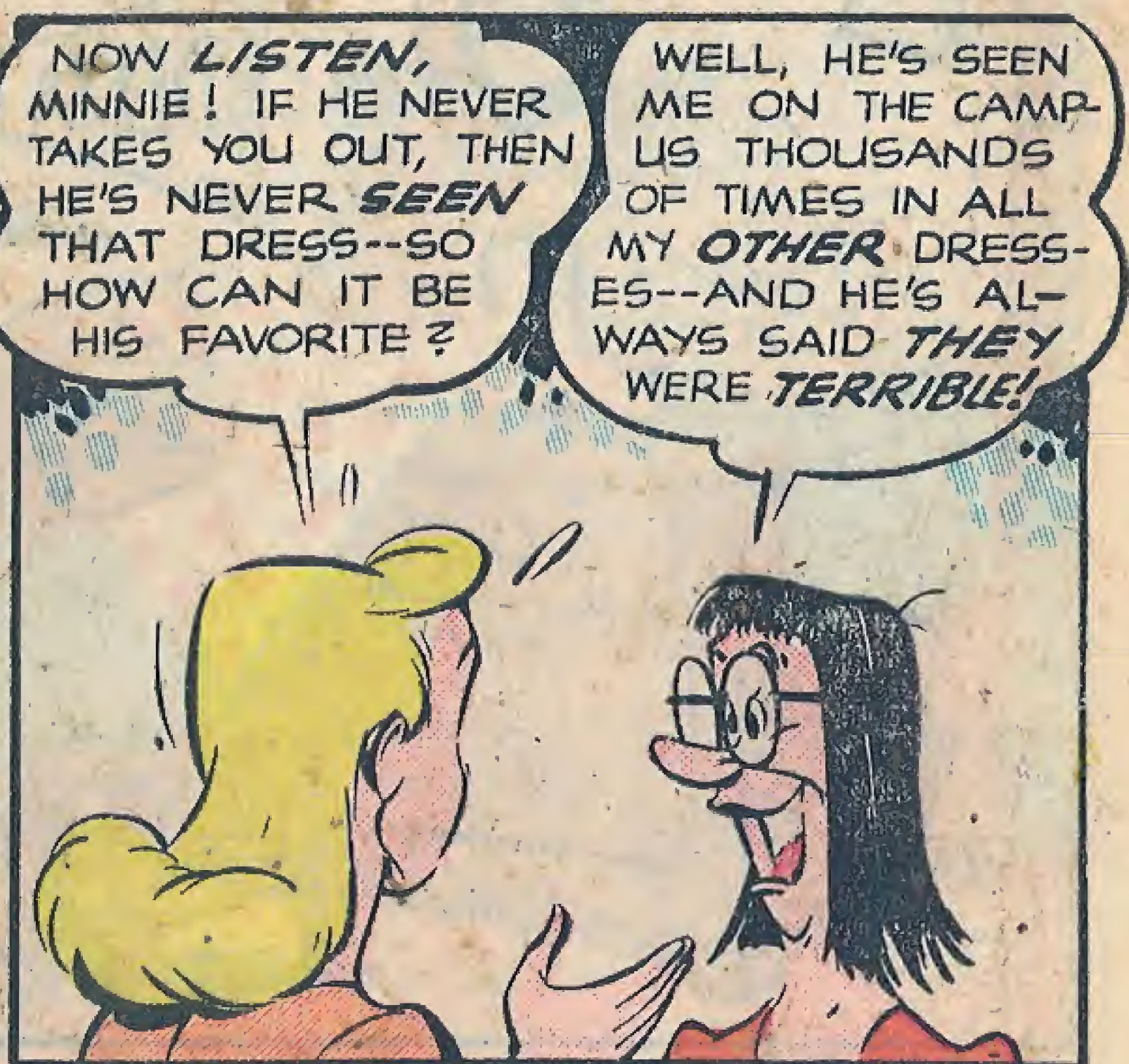
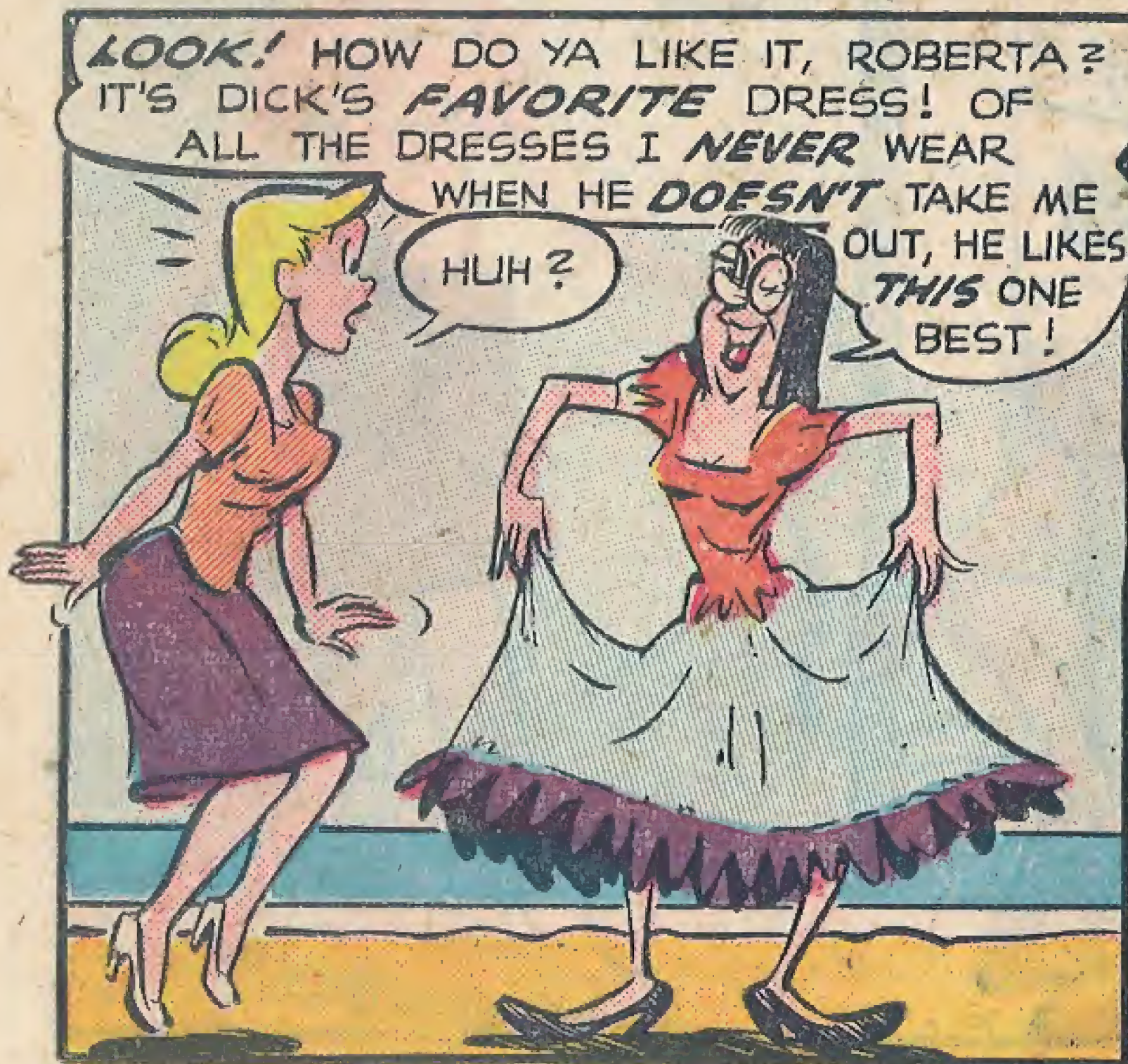
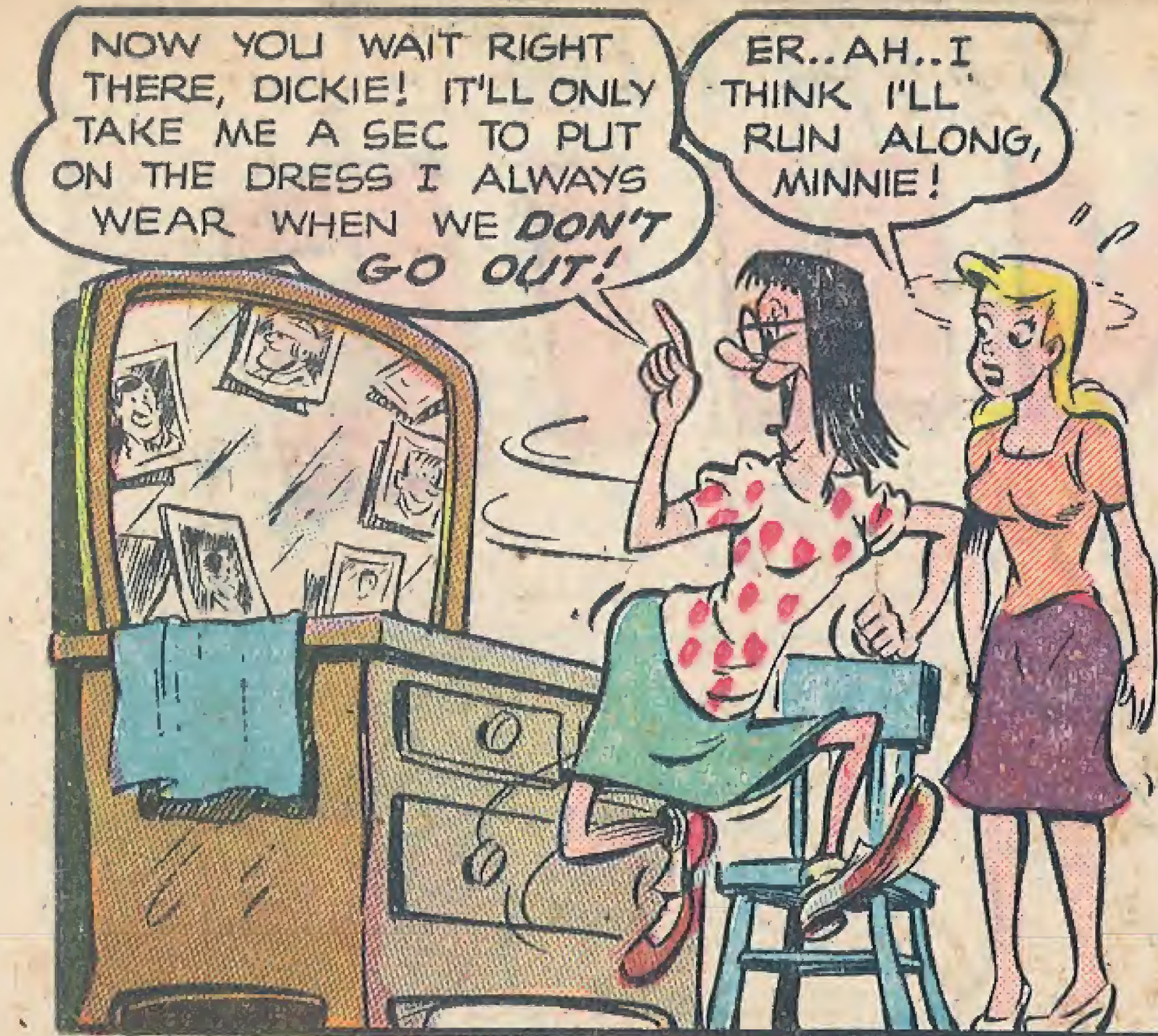
Heather groaned. "Oh, Billie, not *again*!"

"Of course not!" Billie answered haughtily. "It so happens that *he's* already asked *me* for a date! We're going to the beach this Sunday! Did you *really* think I'd be such a dope?"

Heather answered...but not aloud. "Yes," she said.

MAN-HUNTIN' MINNIE of DELTA PU!





GOOD GRAVY, MINNIE, WHY DON'T YOU QUIT **KIDDING** YOURSELF? IF YOU REALLY WANT A MAN, YOU CAN **GET** ONE!... **ANY** GIRL CAN!

ANY GIRL BUT **ME!** EVERYTIME I COME WITHIN TEN FEET OF ANY GUY ON THIS CAMPUS, HE BOLTS LIKE A RACE HORSE COMIN' OUT OF THE STARTIN' GATE AT HIALEAH!

SURE, AND DO YOU KNOW **WHY?** BECAUSE THEY **KNOW** YOU TOO WELL AND THEY JUST LET **LOOKS** INFLUENCE THEIR CHOICE! A GAL LIKE **YOU** HAS TO DEPEND ON HER **PERSONALITY** INSTEAD OF LOOKS! SO CONCENTRATE ON A **STRANGER--**

SOMEONE WHO HAS NEVER KNOWN YOU!

GOLLY, YA THINK IT'D **WORK?**

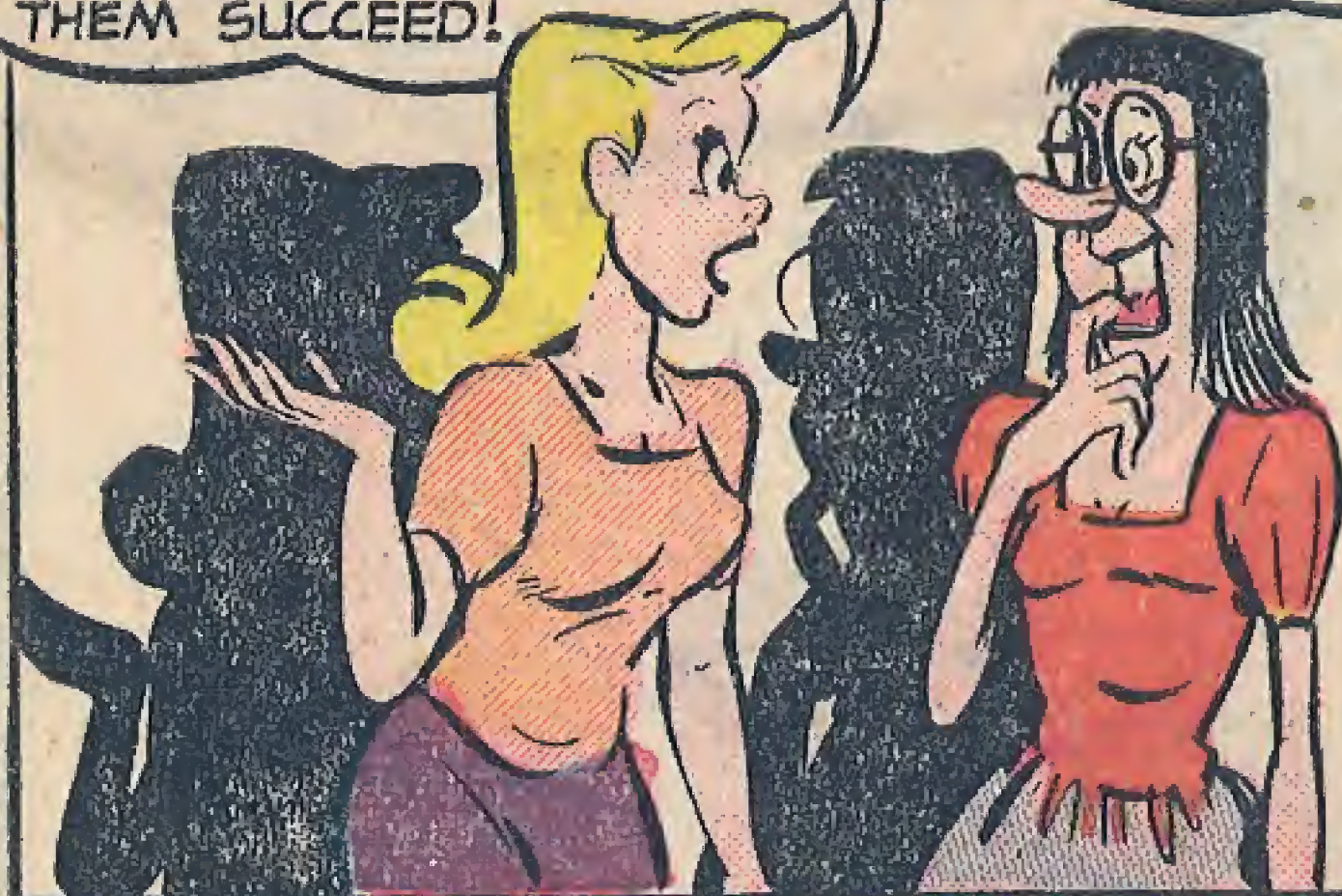


SURE! JUST PICK SOME SQUARE WHOSE BIG INTEREST IN LIFE IS **GETTING AHEAD!** YOU KNOW, ONE WHO'S **GOING PLACES!** THEY'RE THE KIND WHO **DON'T CARE** ABOUT LOOKS! THEY JUST WANT A **HELPMATE--** TO HELP THEM SUCCEED!

BY GOSH!... I'LL DO IT! JUST PICK ONE THAT'S **GOIN' PLACES,** HUH?

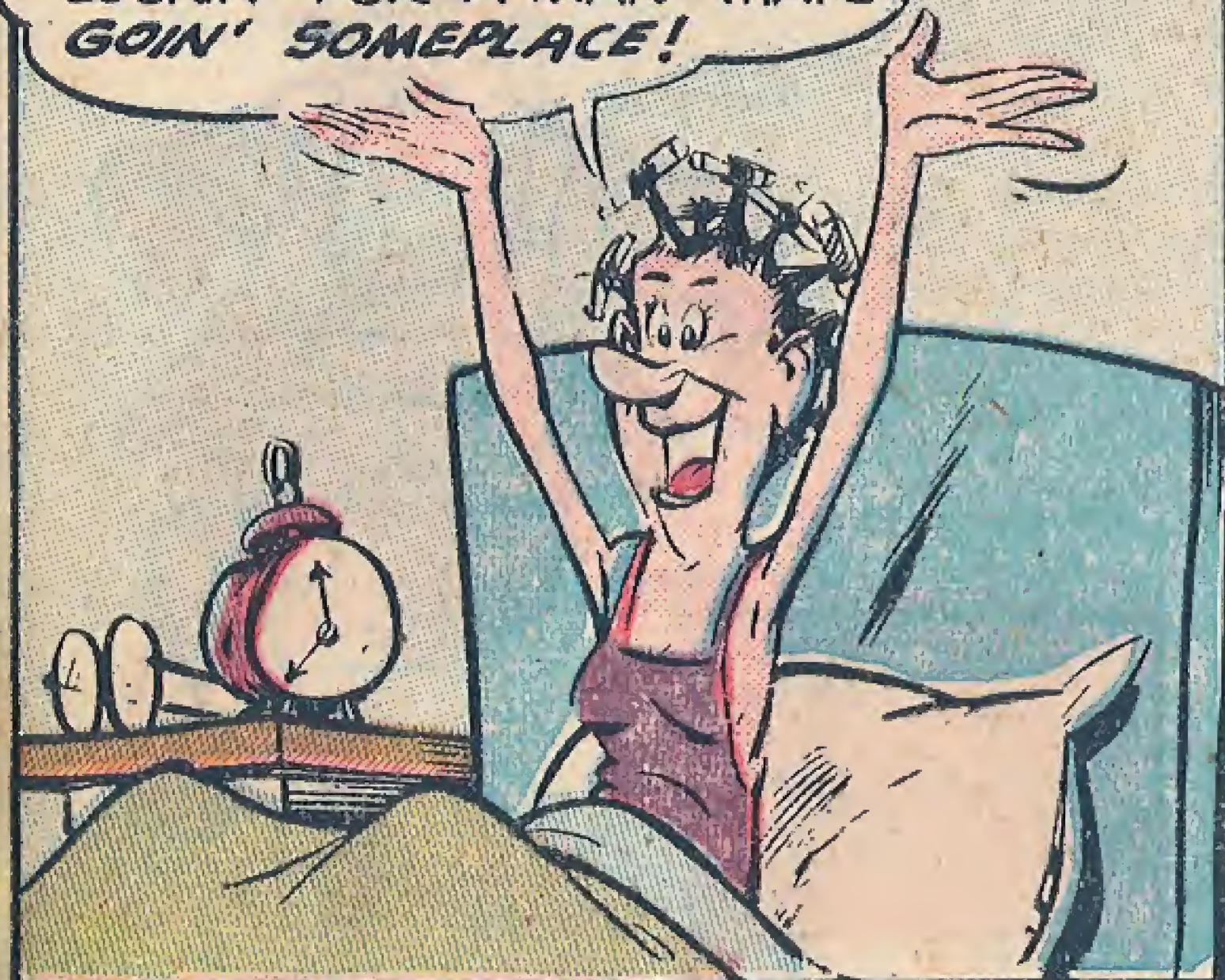
RIGHT! BUT REMEMBER-- DON'T PICK ON ANY OF THESE COLLEGE JOES THAT **KNOW** YOU--YOU'D BE LICKED BEFORE YA STARTED!...WELL, 'NIGHT, MINNIE!

G'NIGHT, ROBERTA-- AND THANKS FOR THE ADVICE!



SO, THE NEXT MORNING--

T'HECK WITH CLASSES TODAY!... I'M GONNA GO LOOKIN' FOR A MAN THAT'S **GOIN' SOMEPLACE!**

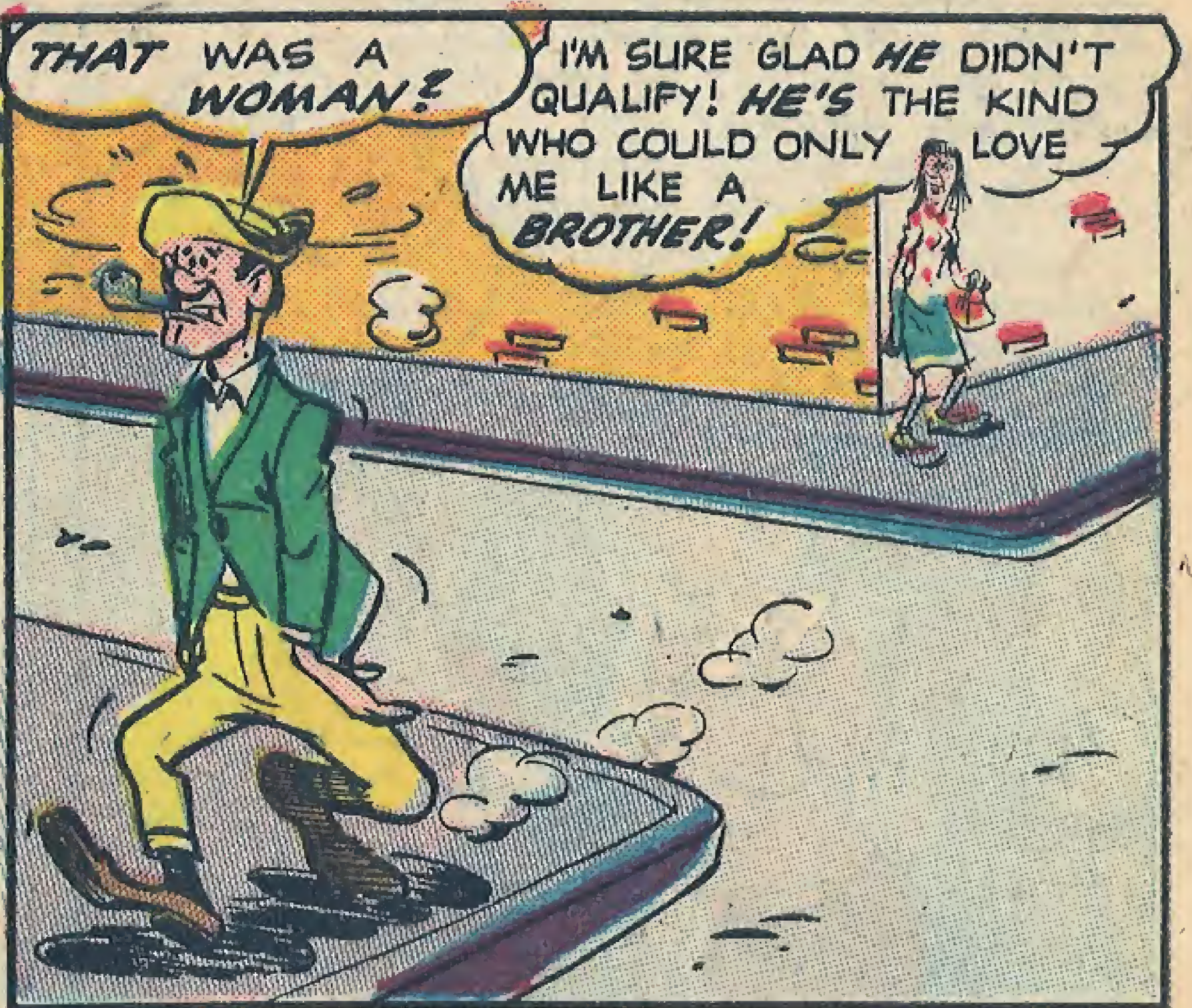
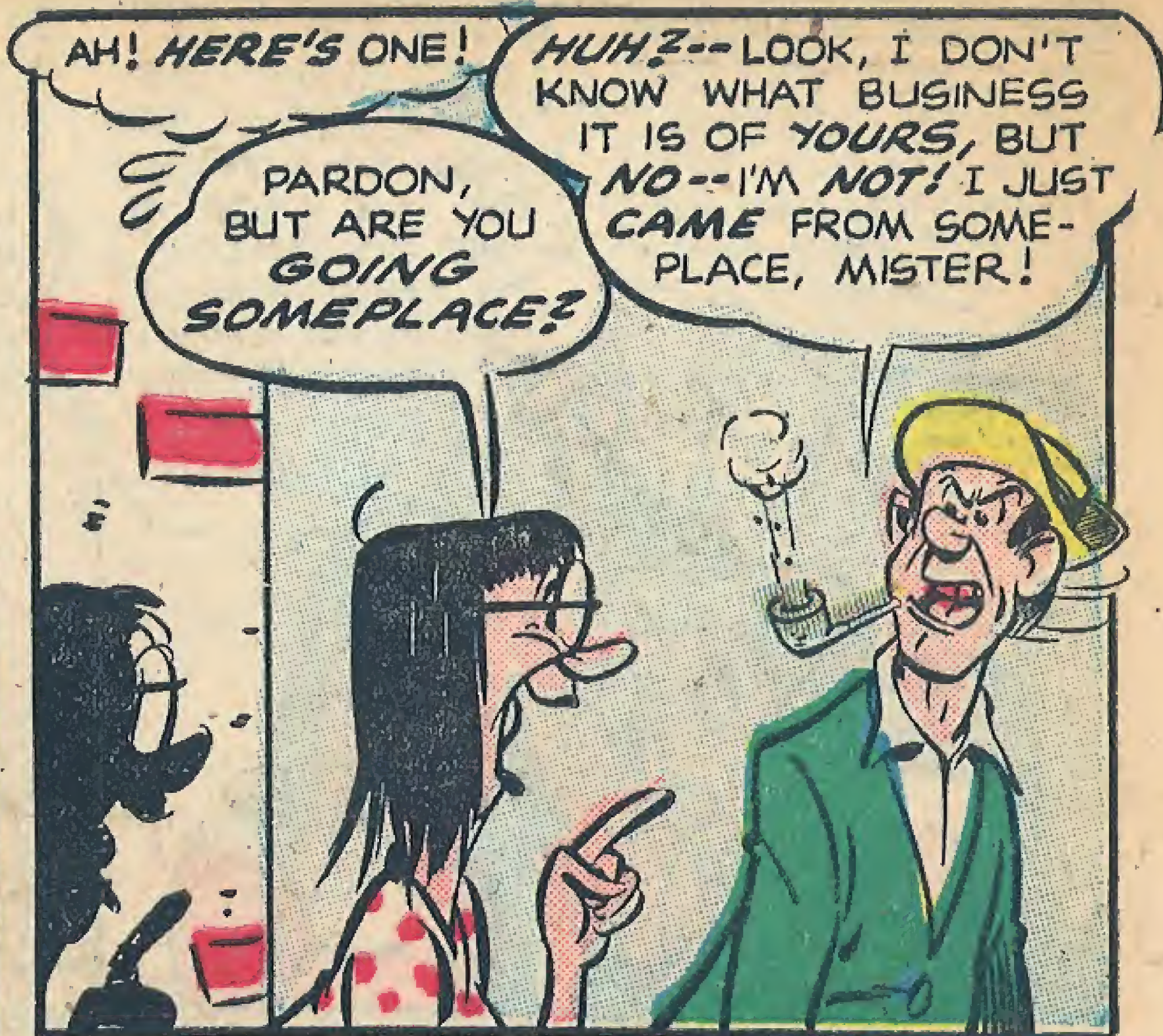
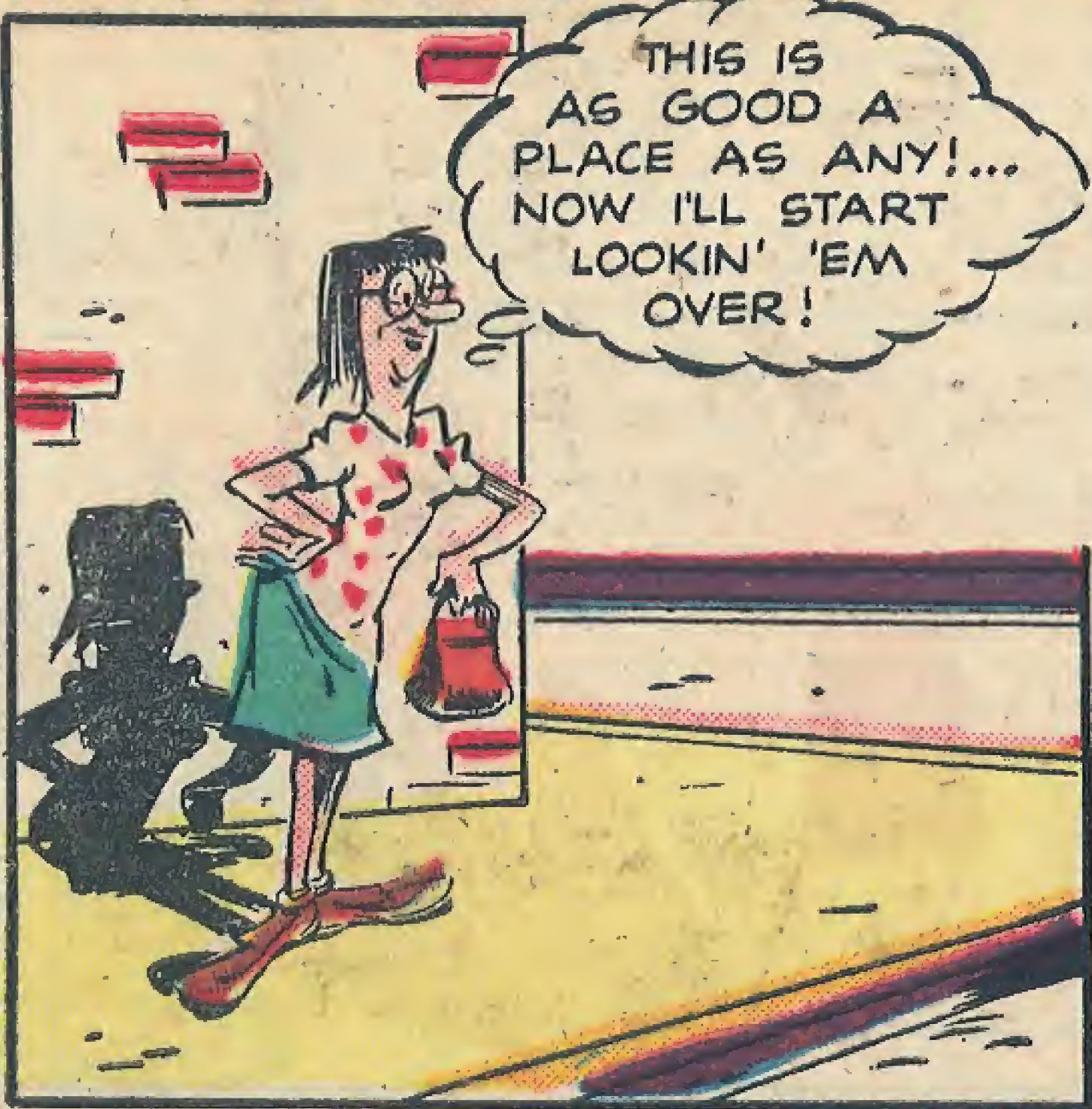


ROBERTA SAID TA PICK SOMEBODY THAT DOESN'T KNOW ME, SO I GUESS I'LL JUST FIND A CORNER DOWNTOWN AND START TO WORK!... **OOO!** A **MAN** I'M GONNA GET!

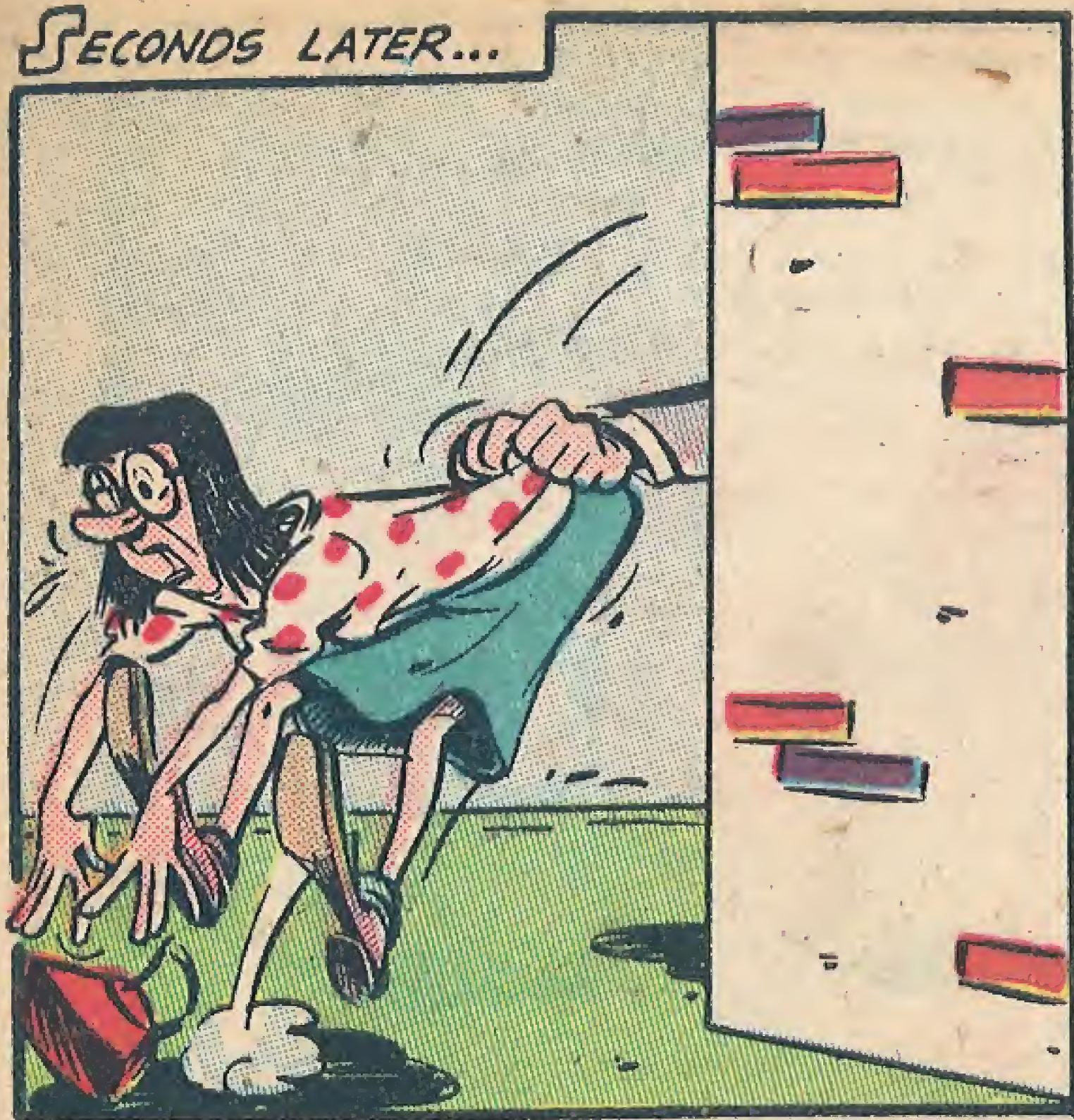
ROWF!



MINUTES LATER...



SECONDS LATER...



THE BOSS WAS *RIGHT*! IF THIS HAD *HIT* ANY-ONE, IT WOULD'VE *KILLED* 'EM! BUT DARNED IF I CAN SEE FROM WHERE IT *CAME LOOSE*! ANYWAY I'VE GOTTA FASTEN IT BACK UP HERE!

A
MAN'S
VOICE!

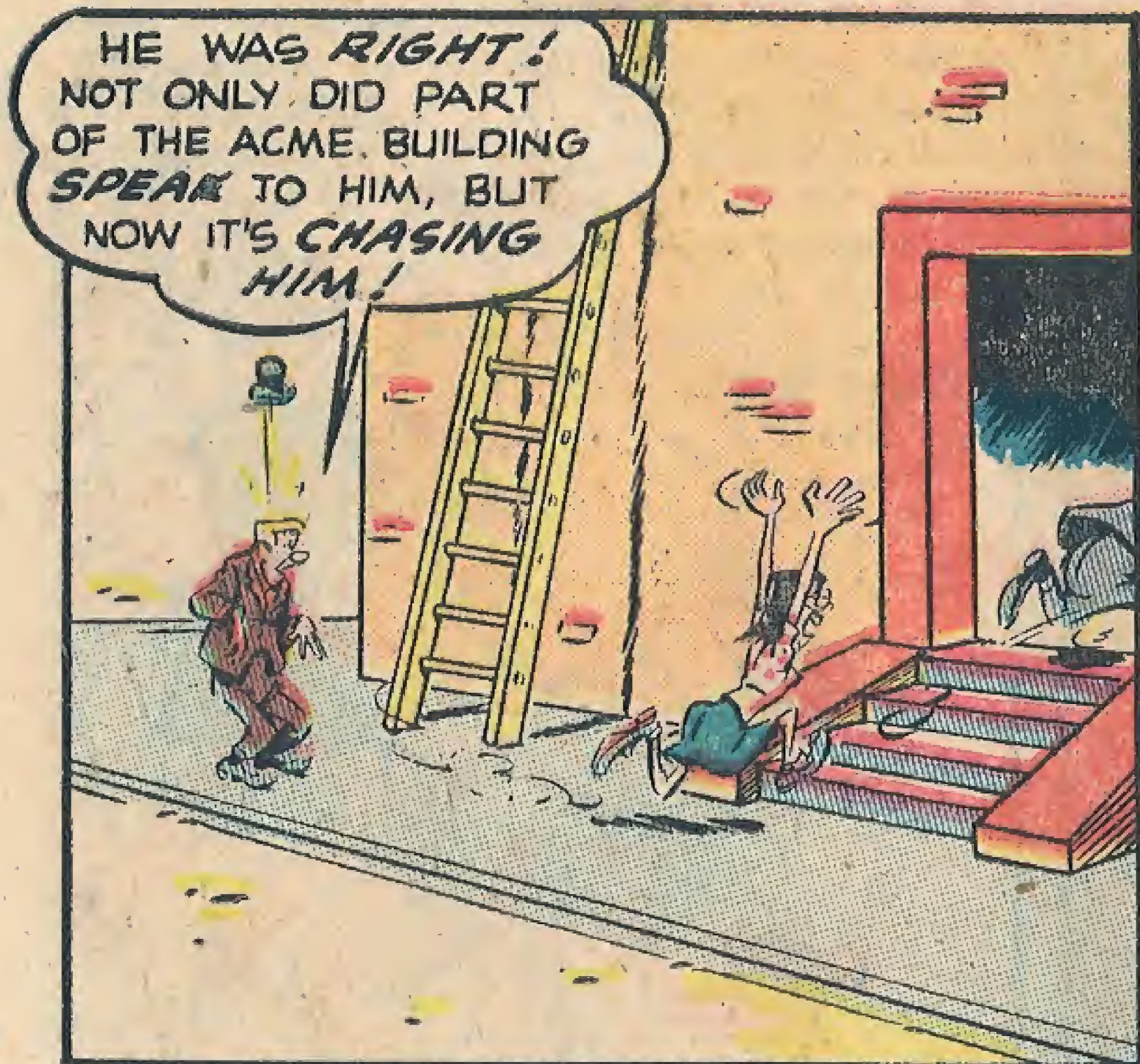
NOW I GET IT! HOW *ROMANTIC*! YOU WONDERFUL *MAN*, YOU! YOU KIDNAPPED ME TO HAVE AND TO HOLD FOR *YOUR VERY OWN*!

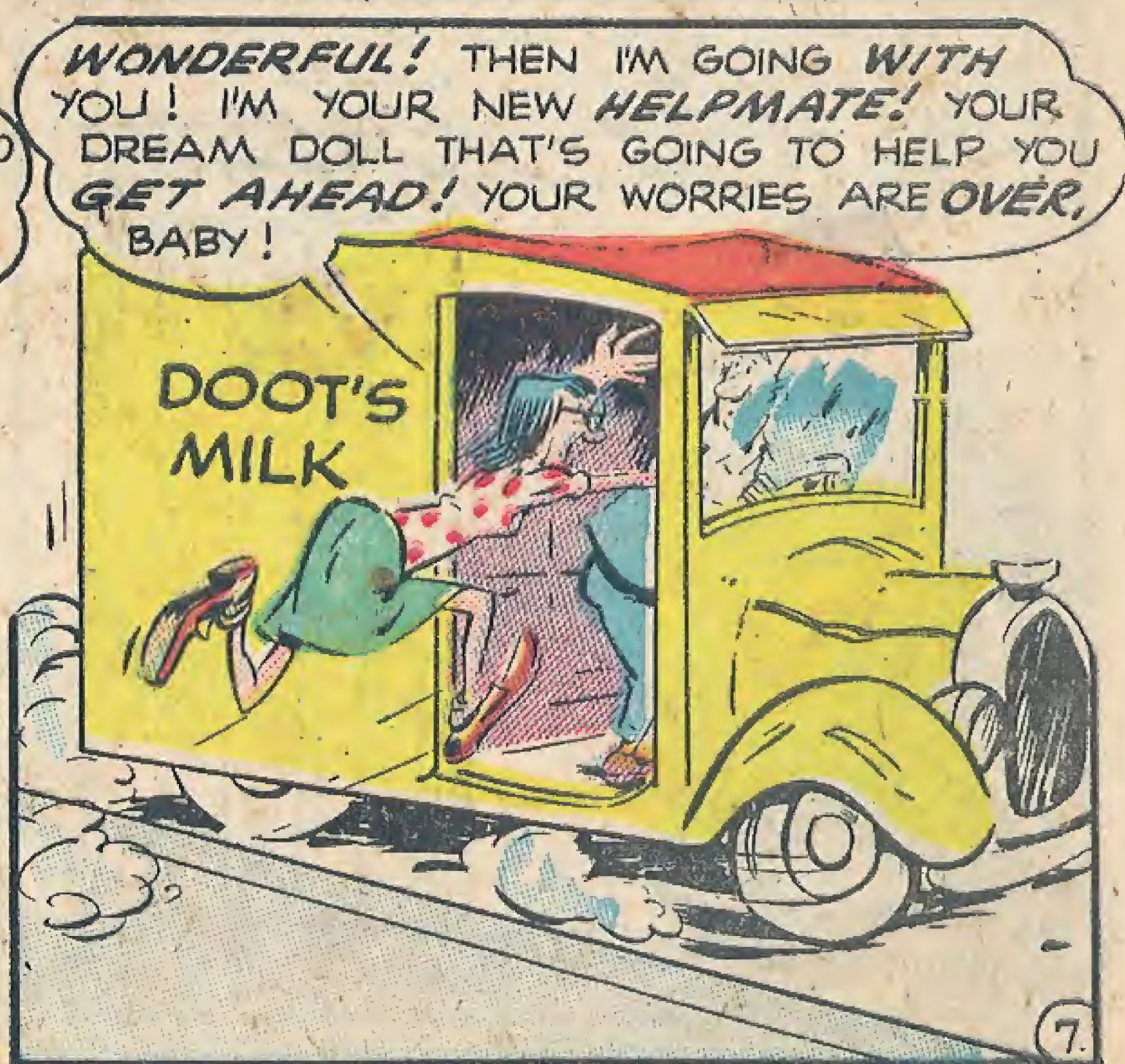
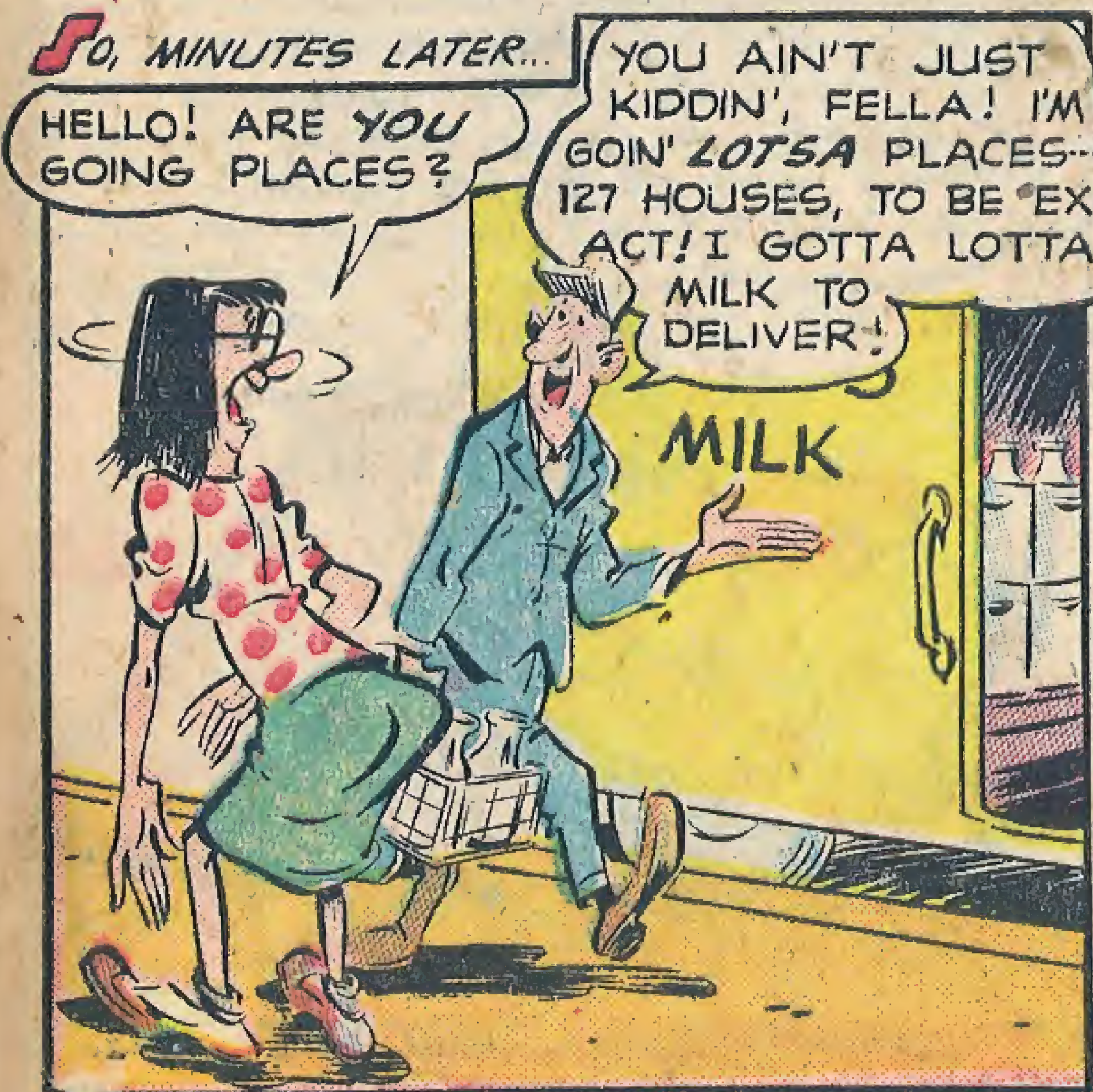
HOLY *SMOKE*! IT'S *ALIVE*!

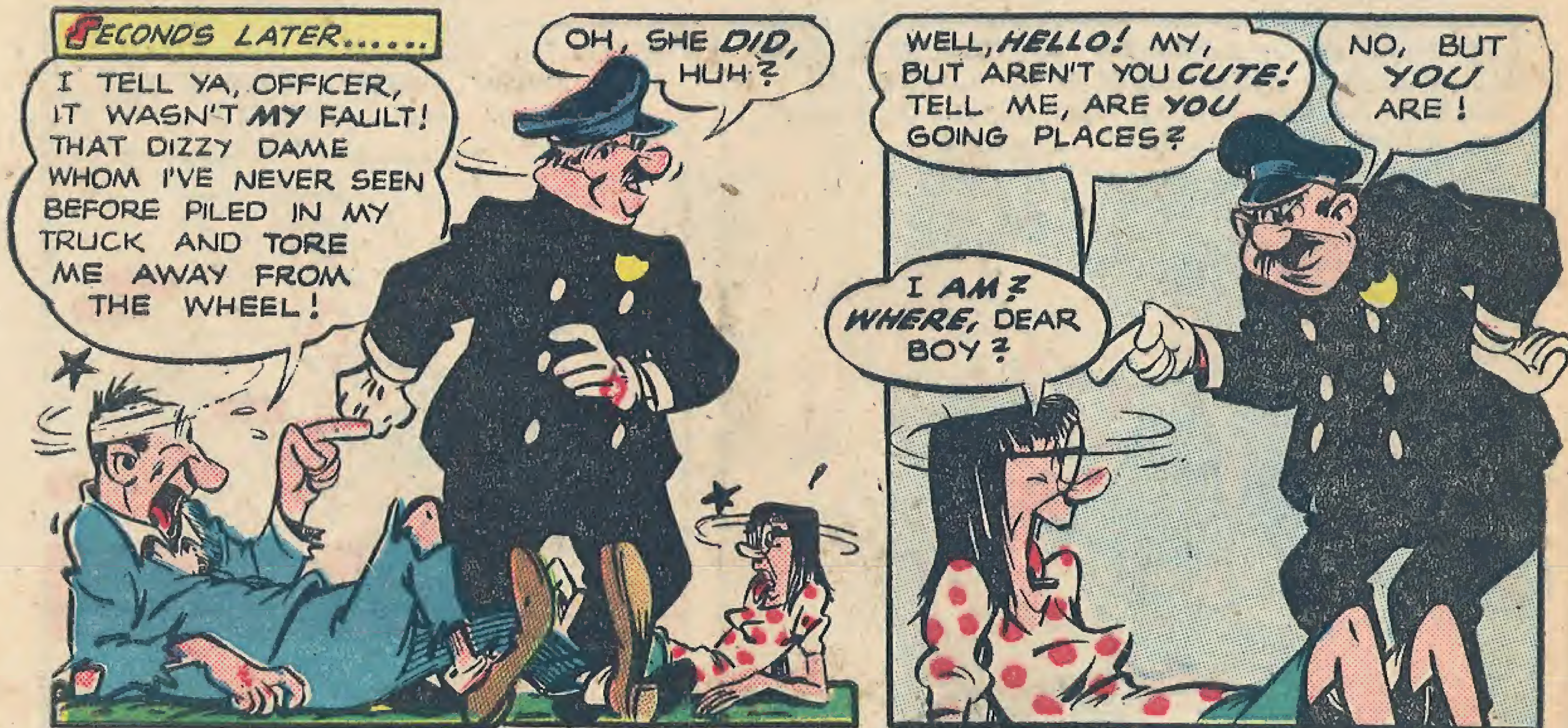
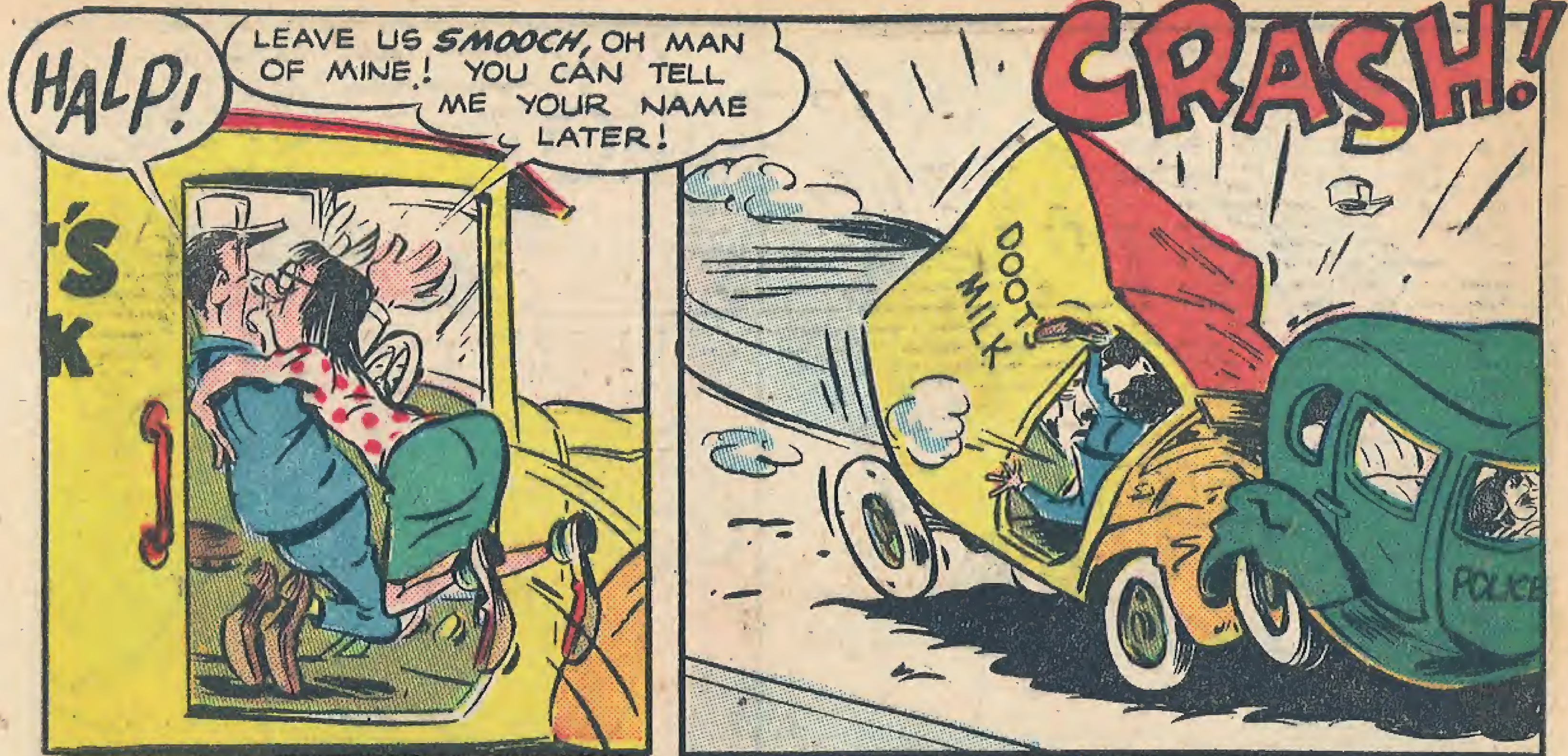
HALP! PART OF THE ACME OFFICE BUILDING *SPOKE* TO ME!

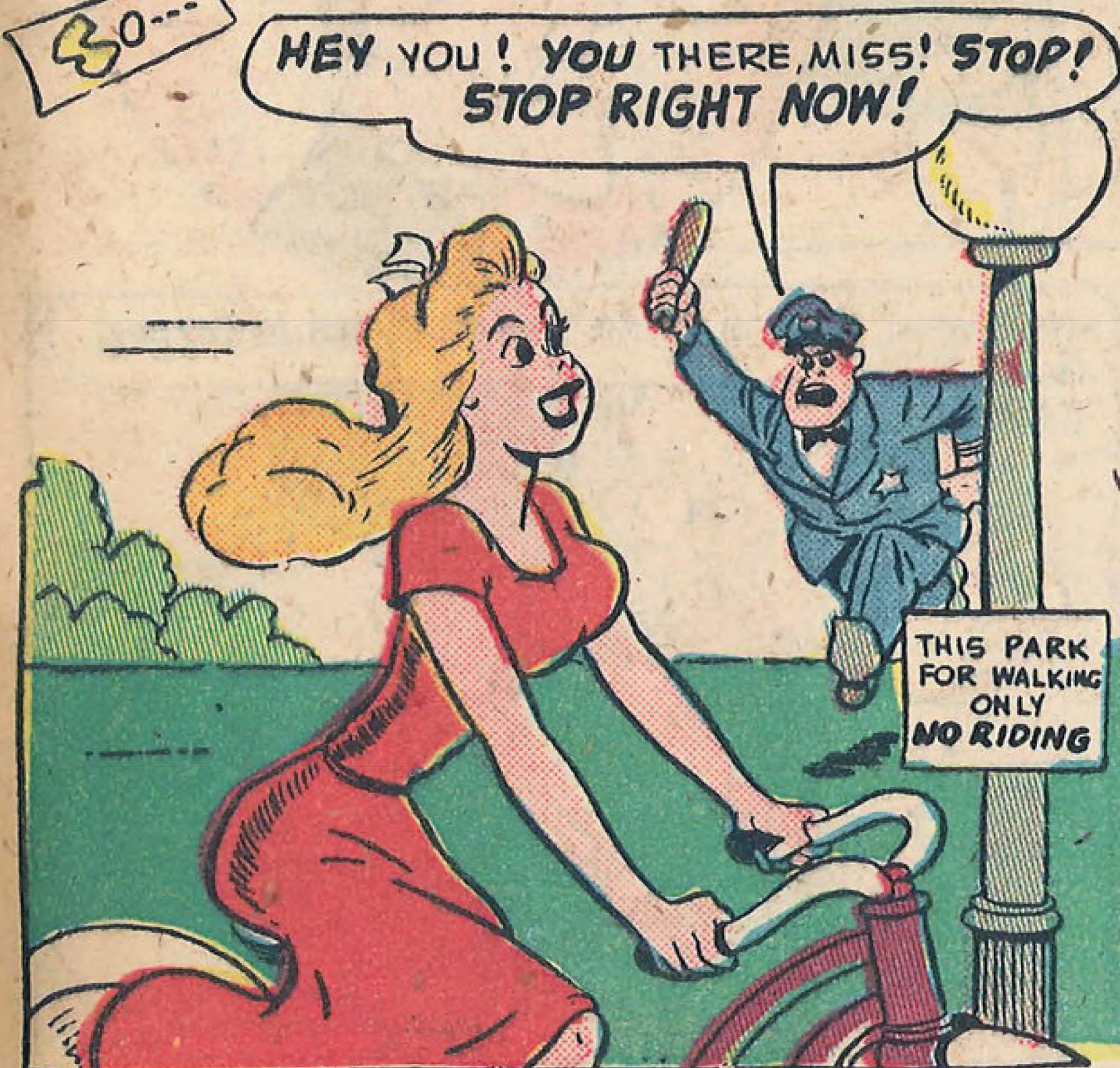
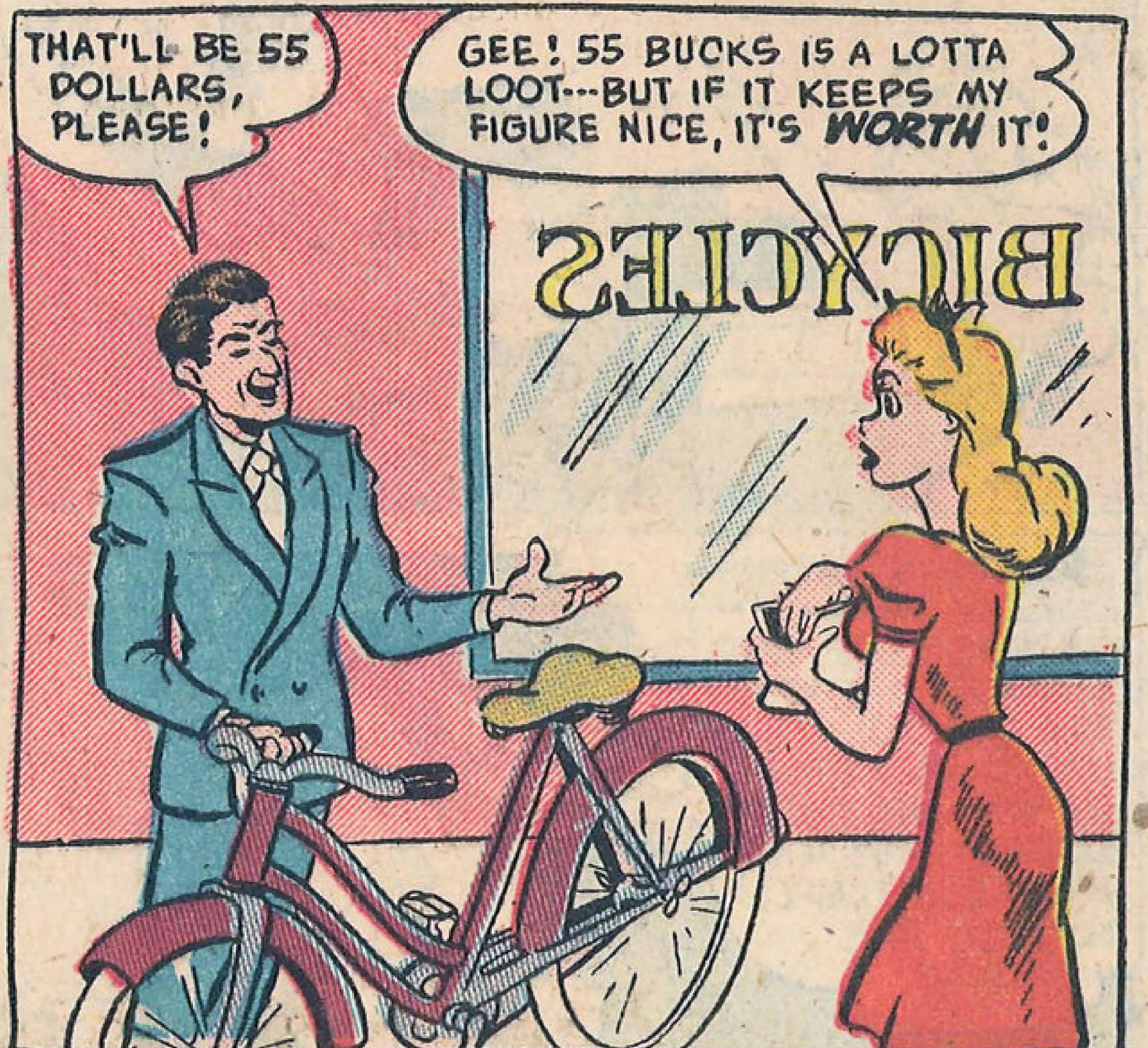
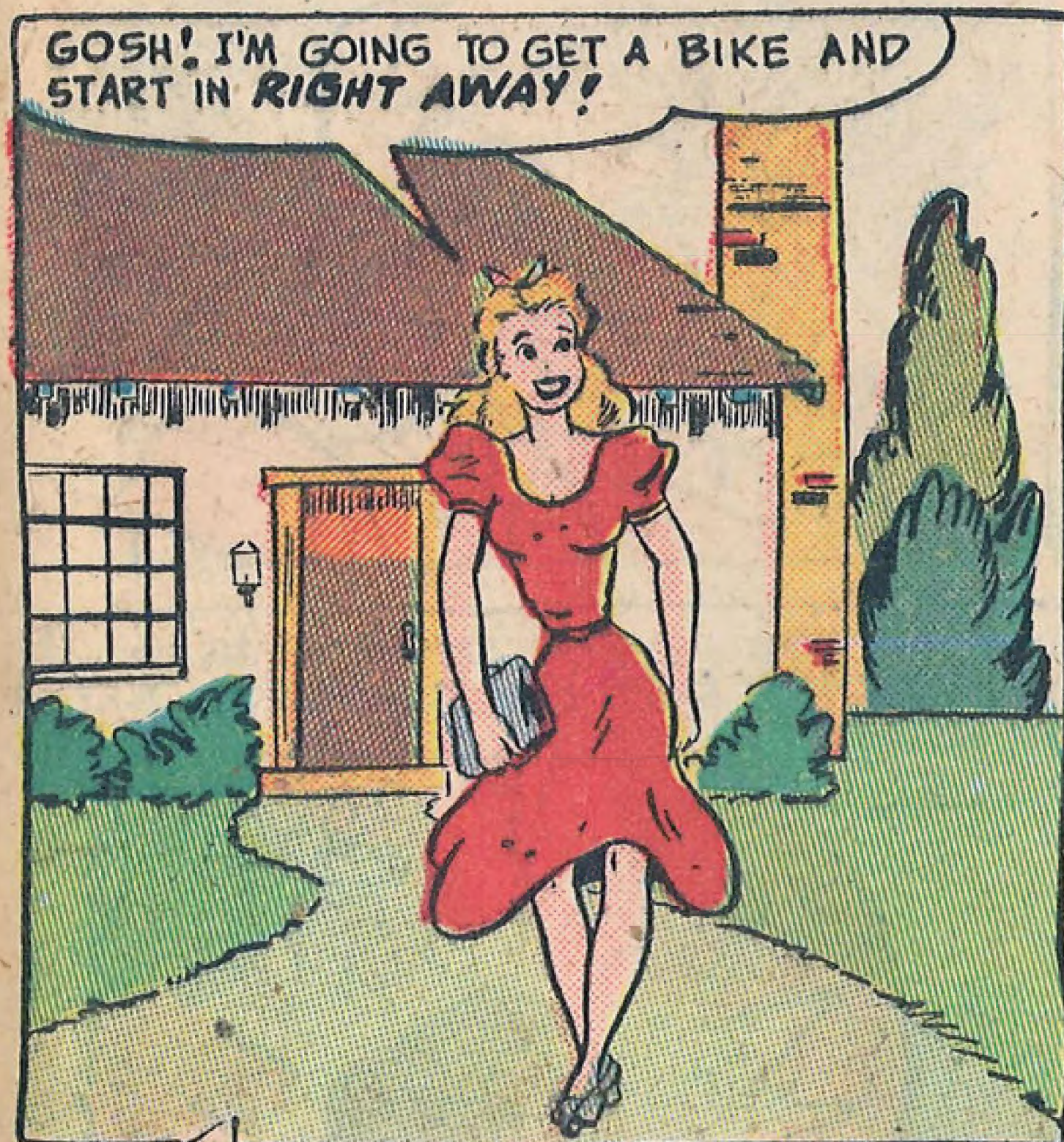
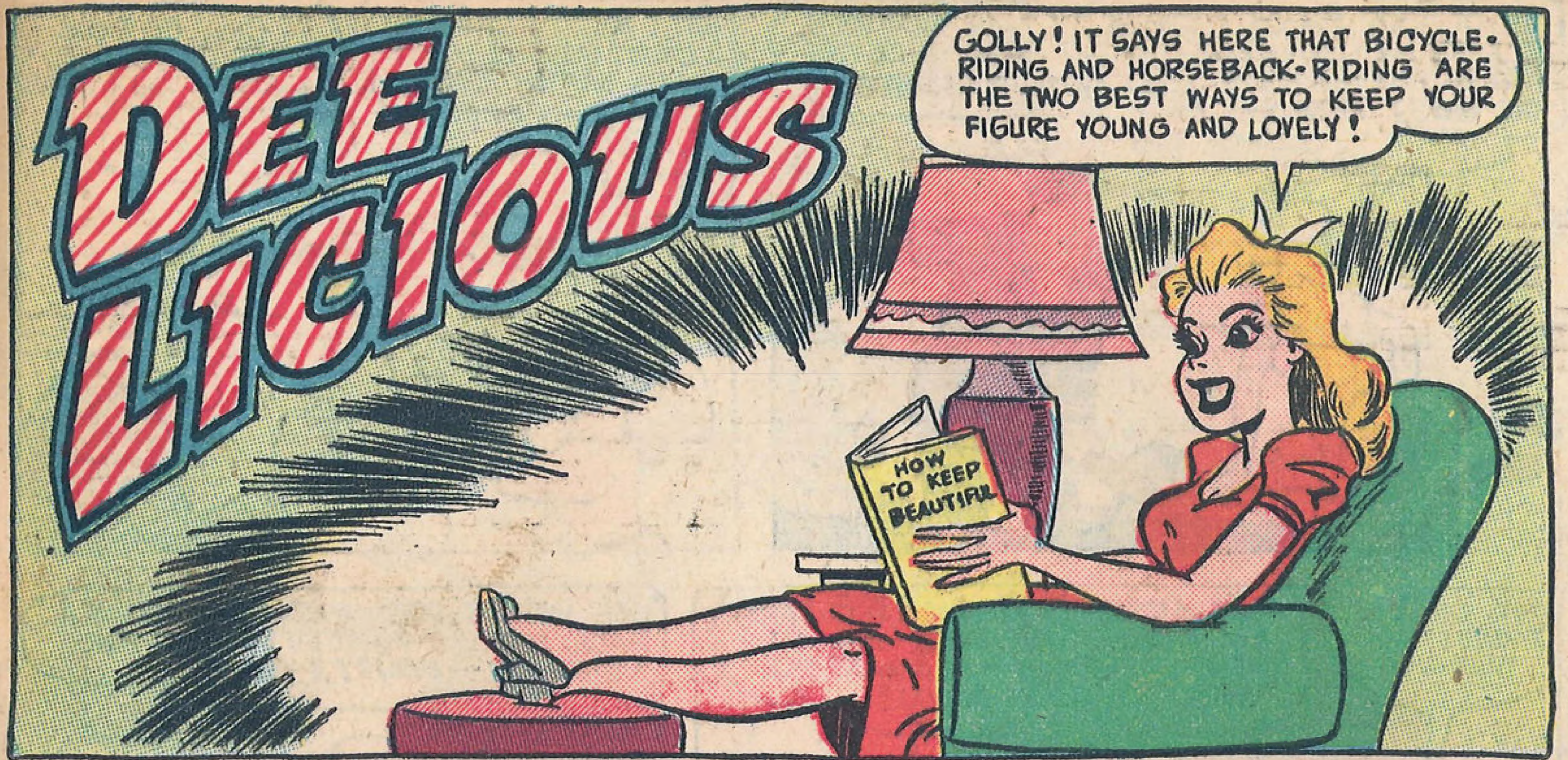
ROAR!

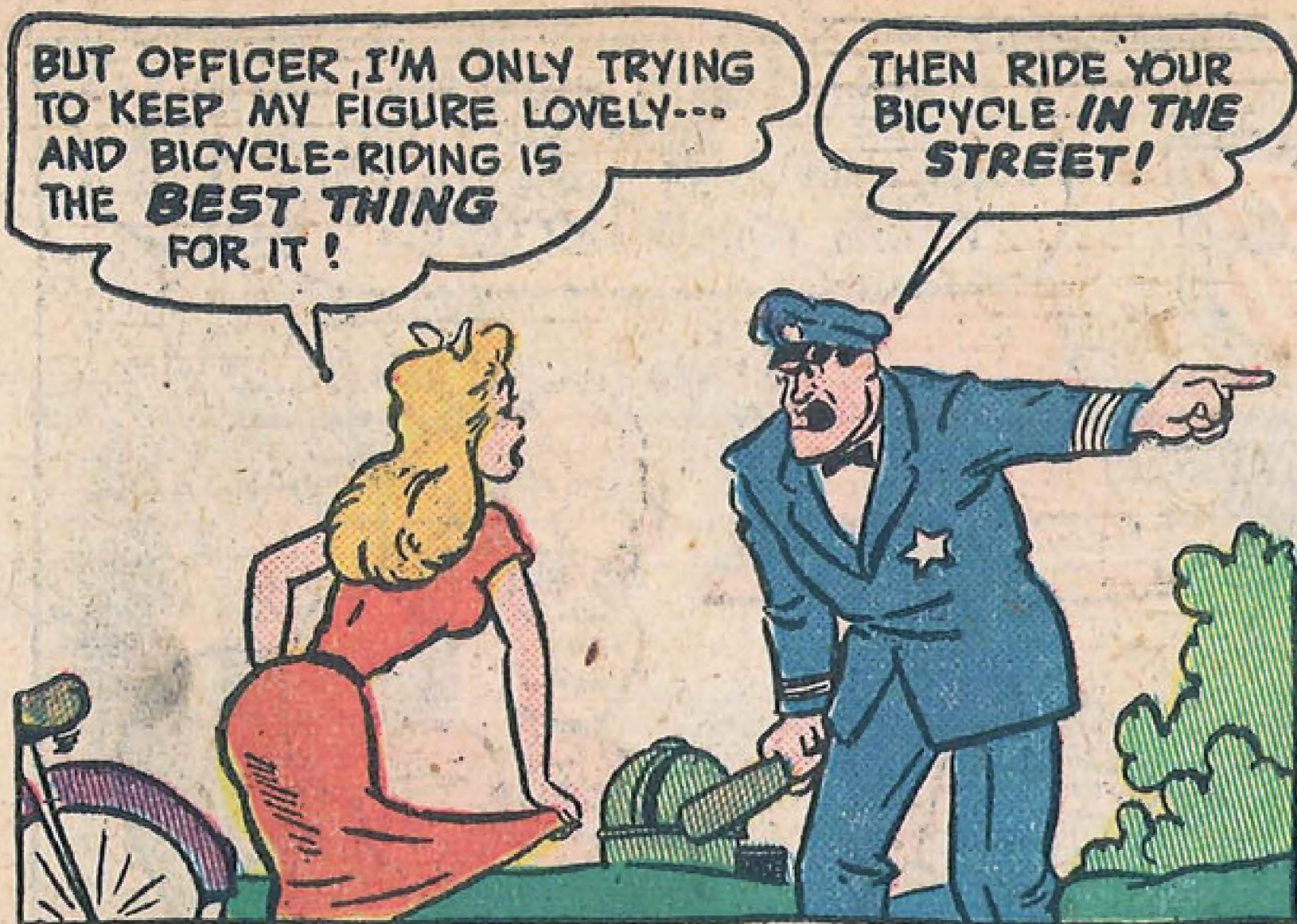
WAIT! COME *BACK*! I FORGOT TO ASK IF YOU'RE *GOING* SOME-PLACE! OOPS! WHAT A SILLY QUESTION --OF *COURSE* HE IS! LOOK AT HIM GO!...THAT'S MY MAN! *HE* QUALIFIES! *HE'S* FOR ME!











BUT OFFICER, I'M ONLY TRYING TO KEEP MY FIGURE LOVELY... AND BICYCLE-RIDING IS THE **BEST THING** FOR IT!

THEN RIDE YOUR BICYCLE **IN THE STREET!**



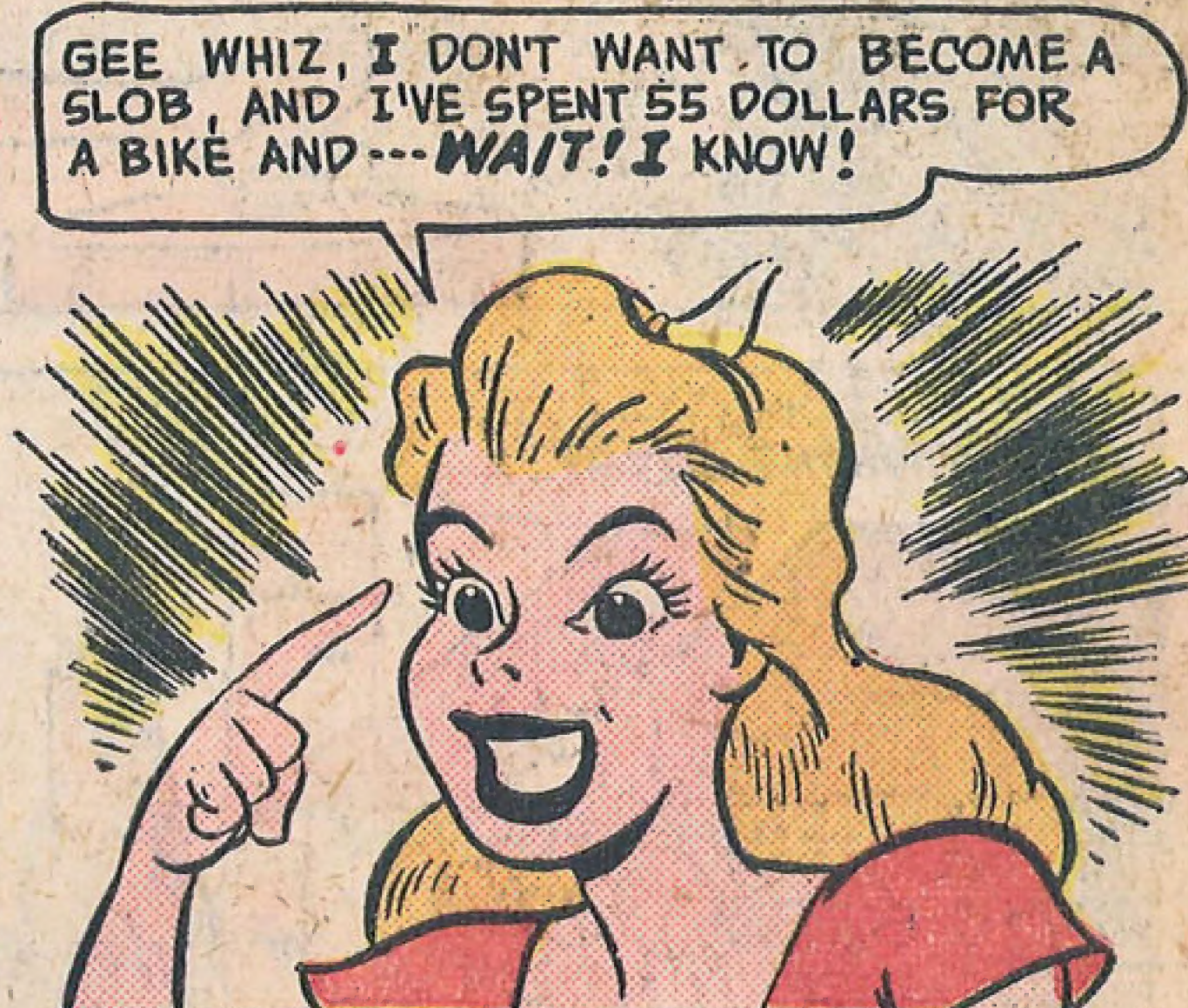
BUT I MIGHT GET HIT BY A **CAR!** GOLLY, I DON'T WANNA GET **KILLED!** SO WHAT'M I GONNA **DO?**

YA ONLY GOT ONE OTHER CHOICE, LADY! FORGET YOUR FIGURE AND BE-
COME A SLOB!

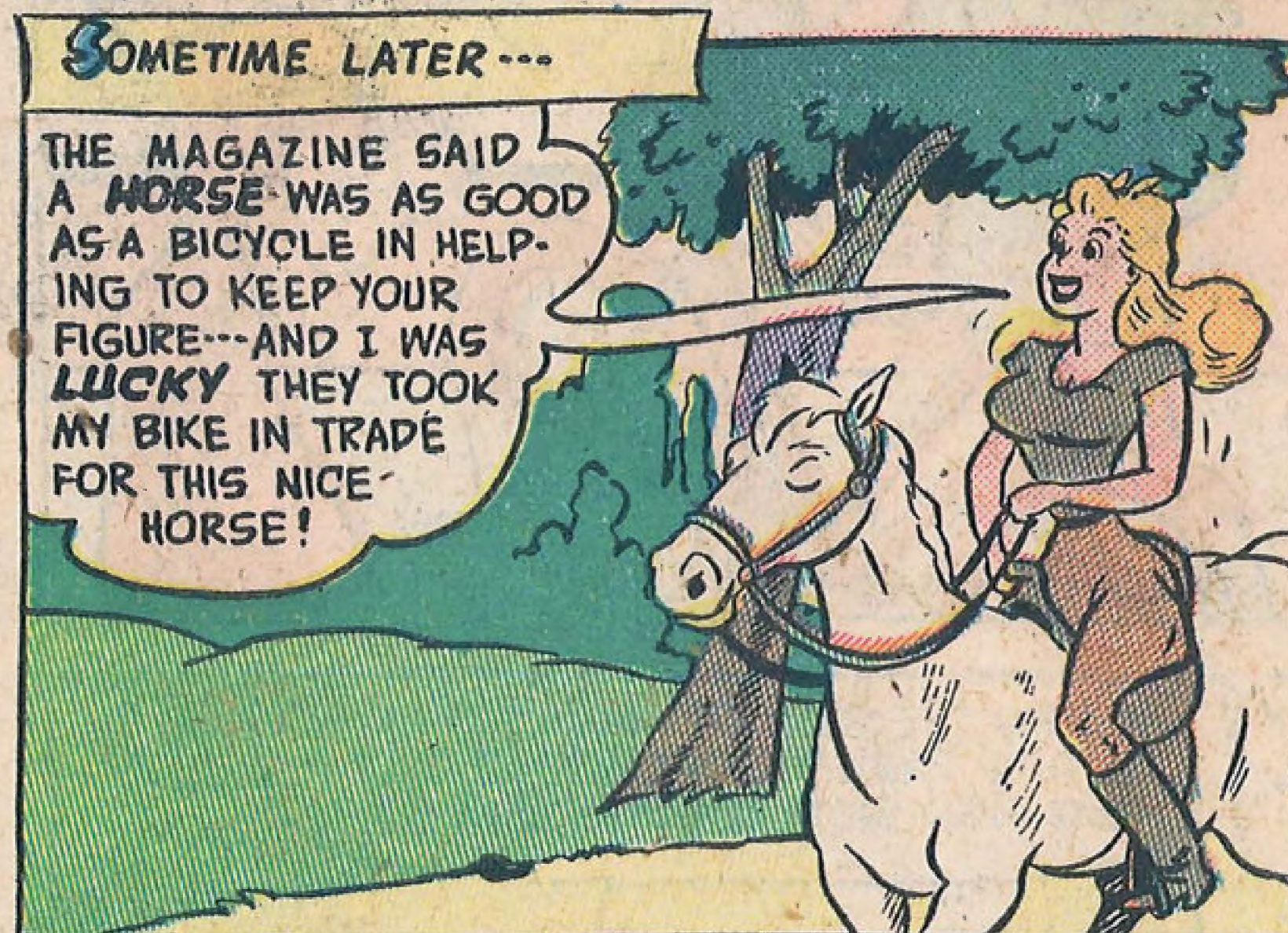


BUT OFFICER, I CAN'T DO THAT...I...

STOP **ARGUING** WITH ME! THIS PARK IS FOR **WALKING ONLY**...AND IF I CATCH YOU RIDING IN IT **AGAIN**, I'LL THROW THE **BOOK** AT YOU!

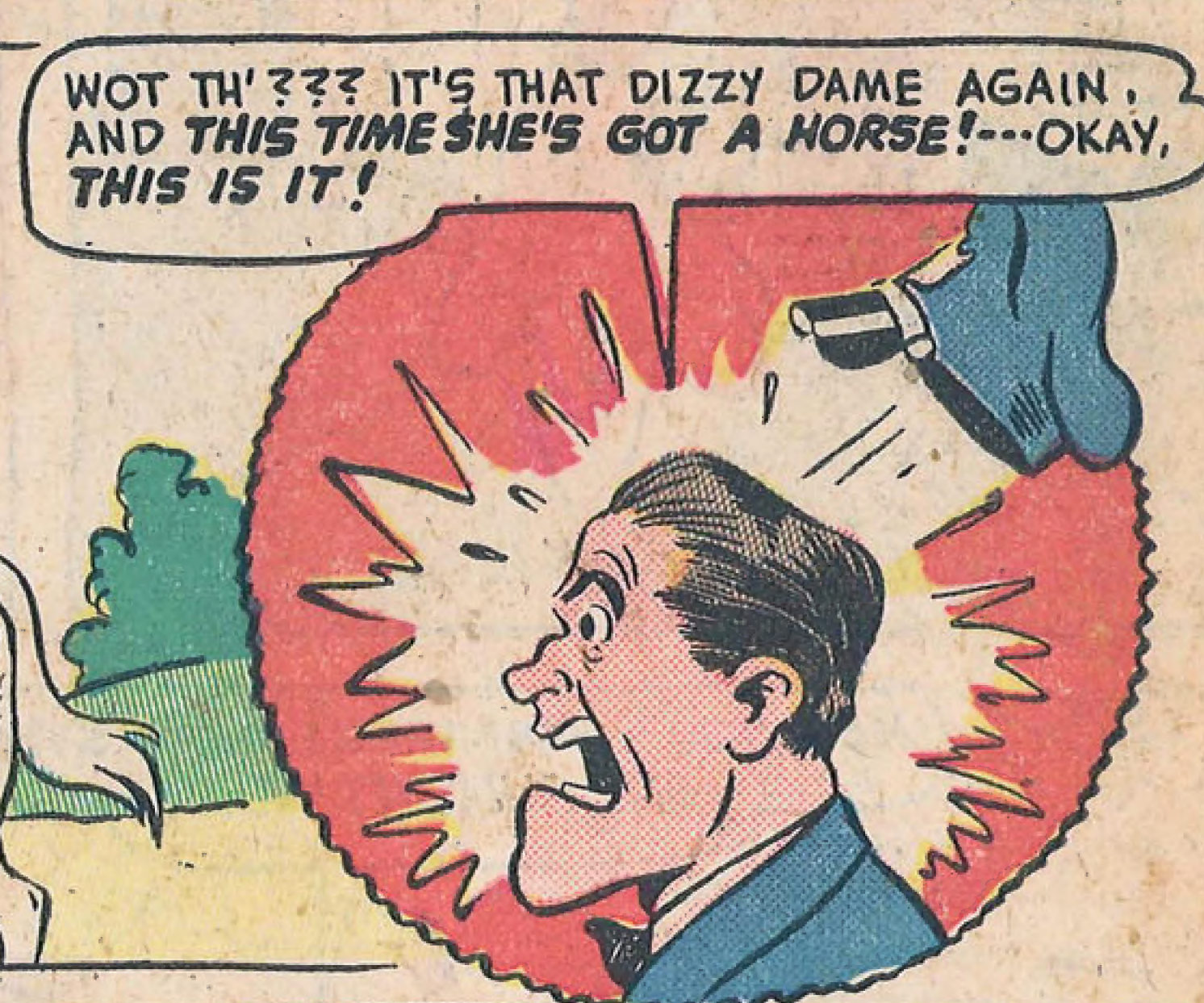


GEE WHIZ, I DON'T WANT TO BECOME A SLOB, AND I'VE SPENT 55 DOLLARS FOR A BIKE AND...**WAIT! I KNOW!**

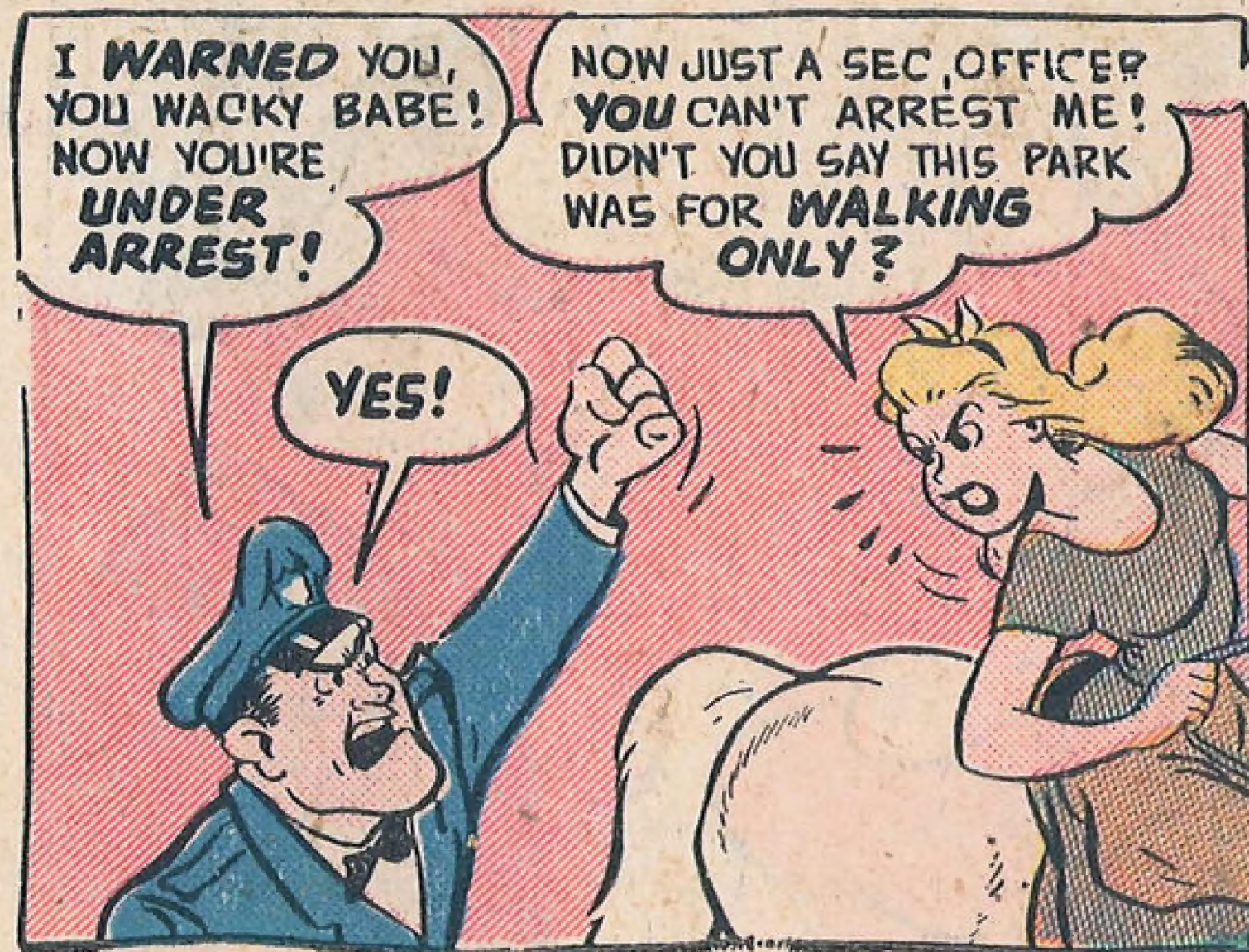


SOMETIME LATER...

THE MAGAZINE SAID A **HORSE** WAS AS GOOD AS A BICYCLE IN HELP-
ING TO KEEP YOUR FIGURE...AND I WAS **LUCKY** THEY TOOK MY BIKE IN TRADE
FOR THIS NICE **HORSE!**



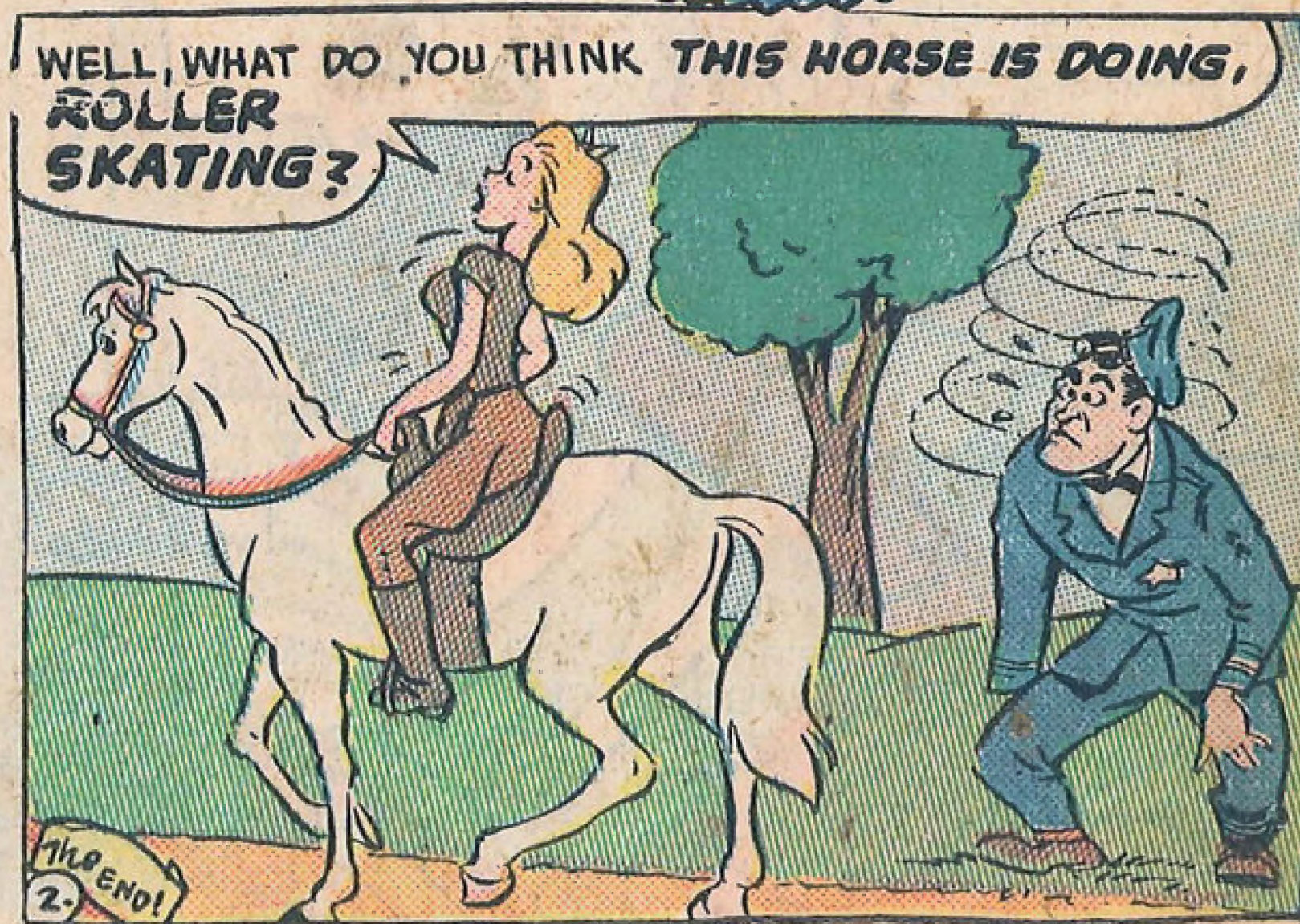
WOT TH'??? IT'S THAT DIZZY DAME AGAIN, AND **THIS TIME SHE'S GOT A HORSE!**...OKAY, **THIS IS IT!**



I **WARNED** YOU, YOU WACKY BABE! NOW YOU'RE **UNDER ARREST!**

YES!

NOW JUST A SEC, OFFICER! YOU CAN'T ARREST ME! DIDN'T YOU SAY THIS PARK WAS FOR **WALKING ONLY?**



WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK **THIS HORSE IS DOING,** **ROLLER SKATING?**

You Can WIN

This 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!



I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!

Which of these

2 ME'S ?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-ARMED **SISSY** below
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 **10c**
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. As you can see in my "Before" Photo I looked like a child... years younger than my age. I was ashamed to take a picture in bathing trunks as I do now. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch
NEW YORK

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him NOW—
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe
as **YOU**
can be
soon!



Roger
Hirsch
before

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more
just mail **NOW**
the **FREE**
coupon below
as I did. Soon
YOU can add

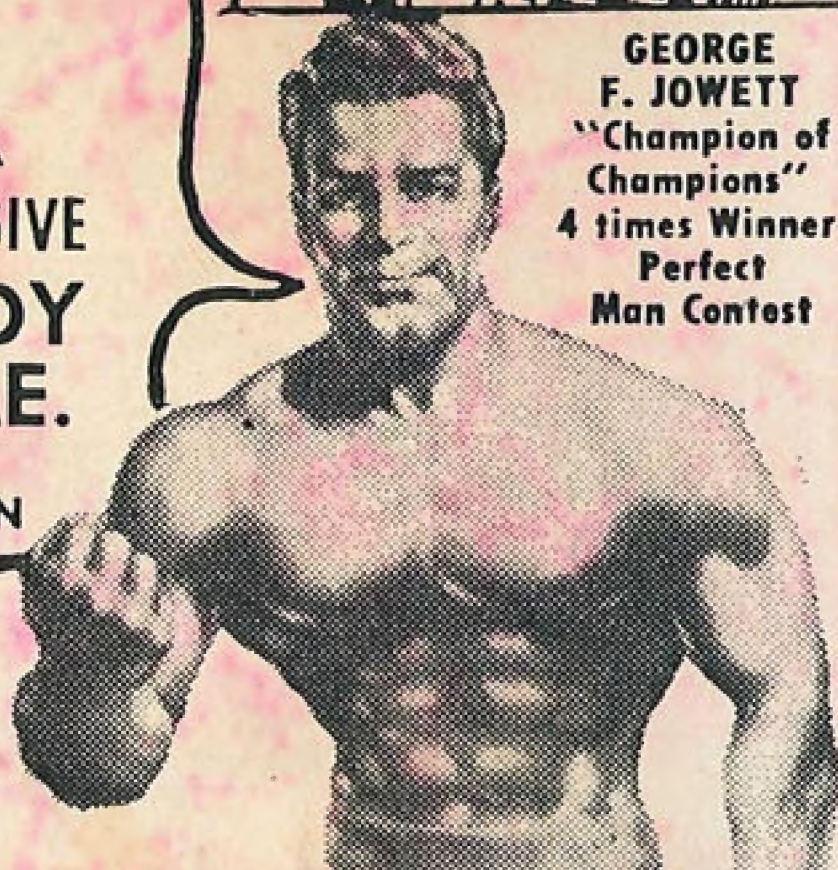
6 1/2 inches to your **CHEST**
3 inches to each **ARM**
and the rest
in proportion
just as I did.



PHOTO BOOK
HOW
to Achieve
Nerves of Steel,
Muscles of Iron

**How to BECOME A
MIGHTY HE-MAN**

GEORGE F. JOWETT
"Champion of
Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect
Man Contest



Come on, **PAL**, NOW
YOU GIVE ME
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A
DAY IN YOUR HOME...AND I'LL GIVE
YOU a **NEW HE-MAN BODY**
For Your **OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES** in your home to **MAKE YOU OVER** by the **SAME METHOD** I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see **INCH** upon **INCH** of **MIGHTY MUSCLE** added to **YOUR ARMS.** Your **CHEST** deepened. Your **BACK AND SHOULDERS** broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain **SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED!** You'll become an **ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, A WINNER** in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent.

Develop **YOUR 520 MUSCLES**
Gain Pounds, **INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a **LIFETIME STUDY** of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the **BEST** by **TEST**, my **"5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER"** the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save **YEARS, DOLLARS** like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champ Roger Hirsch did. Like **MANY THOUSANDS** like you did. **\$0 Mail coupon NOW!**

BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!
1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
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World for
Building
All-Around
HE-MEN"
—R. F. Kelley
Director
Physical

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
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Dear George: Please mail to me **FREE** Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." **ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING** (no C.O.D.'s).

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the Doll whose HAIR
YOU CAN WAVE!

I have
RUBBER
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TERRIFIC
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RUSH YOUR
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A wonderful new doll in washable rubber Wonderskin whose hair is so lifelike it can be waved in any style and rewaved just like your own. A perfect playmate for the "Junior Mother" of the house. Complete with real Hair-wave kit which consists of . . . plastic curlers . . . rubber waving bands . . . waving end papers . . . plastic comb . . . and bottle of hair wave lotion. Ginger is 11 inches tall. Her soft cuddly body which can be bathed will give the "Junior Miss" an almost real baby sister to play with.

only
\$3.98

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NEW MYSTERY FISH-BOWL

AMAZING

Specially priced at only **2.98**

WHAT KEEPS THE WATER IN THE LOOP?

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

IT'S NEW — IT'S DIFFERENT
BEAUTIFULLY MOLDED PLASTIC GYM
FISH SWIM THROUGH MAGIC LOOP
DECORATES END TABLES, BOOK-CASES, ETC.

What keeps the water in the loop? Amaze and mystify your friends with this sensational new "mystery" fish-bowl molded from clear durable plastic with a scientific tube loop. Fill it with approximately 1/2 gallon of water as per our secret instructions, then insert two or three of your pet goldfish. You'll watch them for hours and hours as they frisk and frolic through the loop. The perfect compliment to any room. Decorates end-tables, bookcases, etc. Makes a wonderful gift. **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

"Happy" the Cowboy

Im Terrific!

HYA PARDNA

- HE'S OVER 19" TALL!
- MOVES HIS MOUTH, ARMS AND LEGS!
- REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

Hey kids — here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist—in a jiffy! Imagine—you can make **HAPPY** the COWBOY actually talk! (in your own voice, of course.) Pull the string in the back of his head—watch his lips move—hear your own words coming right out of **HAPPY'S** mouth! See how real he looks—rigged up in a cowboy hat, washable plaid shirt and western pants. . . Show off your skill at parties—at school! **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

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<input type="checkbox"/> FISH-BOWL	\$2.98	<input type="checkbox"/> Ginger	\$3.98
<input type="checkbox"/> Happy the Cowboy	\$2.98	<input type="checkbox"/> Nurs-A-Dolly	\$3.98

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